Dramatis Personæ

Mr. Arthur.
Mr. Lusam.
Young Mr. Arthur.
Young Mr. Lusam.
Fiddler.
Anselm.
Justice Reason.
Aminadab, a Schoolmaster.
Pipkin, Servant to Mrs. Arthur
Brabo, a Bravo.
Hugh, Servant to Justice Reason.

Mrs. Arthur.
Mrs Splay, a Bawd.
Mary, a Courtezan.

Officers.
Boys, Scholars of Aminadab.

Dramatis Personæ

Mr. Arthur.
Mr. Lusam.
Young Mr. Arthur.
Young Mr. Lusam.
Fiddler.
Anselm.
Justice Reason.
Aminadab, a Schoolmaster.
Pipkin, Servant to Mrs. Arthur
Brabo, a Bravo.
Hugh, Servant to Justice Reason.

Mrs. Arthur.
Mrs Splay, a Bawd.
Mary, a Courtezan.

Officers.
Boys, Scholars of Aminadab.

A PLEASANT CONCEITED COMEDY, wherein is ſhewed, how a man may chooſe a good Wife from a bad.

As it hath been ſundry times acted by the Earle of Worceſters Servants.

LONDON,
Printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in *Paules* Church-yard, neere vnto S. *Auguſtines* gate, at the ſigne of the Foxe. 1621.

A pleaſant conceited Comedie,

wherein is ſhewed, how a man may chooſe a good Wife from a bad.

Enter (as vpon the Exchange) yong Maſter Arthur, and Maſter Luſam.

ARTHVR.

I Tell you true ſir, but to euery man
I would not be ſo lauiſh of my ſpeech, ,
Onely to you my deare and priuate friend,
Although my Wife in euery eye, be held
Of beautie and of grace ſufficient,
Of honeſt birth, and good behauiour,
Able to winne the ſtrongeſt thoughts to her:
Yet in my mind, I hold her the moſt hated,
And loathed obiect, that the world can yeeld.

Luſ. Oh *M. Arthur*, beare a better thought
Of your chaſte wife, whoſe modeſty hath wonne
The good opinion and report of all:
By heauen you wrong her beautie, ſhe is faire.

Ar. Not in mine eye.

Lu. O, you are cloied with dainties *M. Arthur*.
And too much ſweetneſſe glutted hath your taſte,
And makes you loath them: at the firſt,
You did admire her beautie, praiſde her face,
Were proud to haue her follow at your heeles
Through the broad ſtreets, when all cenſuring tongs,

Found themselues busied as she pass'd along,
To extoll her in the hearing of you both:
Tell me I pray you, and dissemble not,
Haue you not in the time of your first loue,
Hug'd such new popular and vulgar talke,
And glorified still, to see her brauely deck'd?
But now a kind of loathing hath quite changde
Your shape of loue, into a forme of hate,
But on what reason ground you this hate?

Ar. My reason is my mind; my ground my will,
I will not loue her, if you aske me why,
I cannot loue her, let that answere you.

Lu. Be iudge all eyes, her face deserues it not:
Then on what roote growes this high branch of hate?
Is she not loyall, constant, louing, chaste,
Obedient, apt to please, loth to displease,
Carefull to liue, charie of her good name,
And iealous of your reputation?
Is she not vertuous, wise, religious?
How should you wrong her to denie all this?
Good *M. Arthur* let me argue with you.

They walke and talke.

Enter walking and talking M. Anselem, *and Master* Fuller.

Ful. Oh *M. Anselem*, growne a louer! fie,
What might she be, on whom your hopes relie?

Ans. What fooles they are that seeme most wise in loue,
How wise they are, that are but fooles in loue,
Before I was a louer, I had reason
To iudge of matters, censure of all sorts:
Nay, I had wit to call a louer foole,
And looke into his folly with bright eyes;
But now intruding Loue dwels in my braine,

And

And frantickly hath shouldred reason thence,
I am not old, and yet alas I doate:
I haue not lost my sight, and yet am blind,
No bondman, yet haue lost my liberty,
No naturall foole, and yet I want my wit.
What am I then? let me define my selfe,
A doater yong, a blind man that can see,
A witty foole, a bond-man that is free.

Ful. Good aged youth, blind seer, and wise foole,
Lose your free bonds, & set your thoughts to schoole.

Enter old M. Arthur, and old M. Lusam.

Old Ar. Tis told me *M. Lusam*, that my sonne
And your chast daughter whom we matcht togither,
Wrangle and fall at odds, and brawle, and chide.

Old Lu. Nay, I thinke so, I neuer looke for better.
This tis to marry children when they are yong,
I said as much at first, that such yong brats
Would gree together, euen like dogs and cats.

Old Ar. Nay, pray you *M. Lusam*, say not so, (yong,
There was great hope, though they were matcht but
Their vertues would haue made thē simpathise,
And liue together like two quiet Saints.

Old Lu. You say true, there was great hope indeed
They would haue liu'd like Saints, but wher's the fault?

Old Ar. If fame be true, the most fault's in my son.

Old Lu. You say true *M. Arthur*, tis so indeed.

Old Ar. Nay sir, I doe not altogether excuse
Your daughter, many say the blame on her.

Old Lu. Ha, say you so, bithmasse like enough,
For from her childhood she hath beene a shrew.

Old Ar. A shrew, you wrong her, al the town admires
For mildnesse, chastnesse, and humility. (her

Old Lu. Fore God you say well, she is so indeed.

The Cittie doth admire her for theſe vertues.

Old Ar. O ſir, you praiſe your child to palpably,
Shees milde and chaſt, but not admir'd ſo much.

Old Lu. I, ſo I ſay, I did not meane admir'd.

Old Ar. Yes, if a man doe well conſider her,
Your daughter is the wonder of her Sexe.

Old Lu. Are you aduiſde of that, I cannot tell
What tis you call the wonder of her ſexe,
But ſhe is, is ſhe, I indeed ſhe is.

Old Ar. What is ſhe? (is

Old Lu. Euen what you will, you know beſt what ſhe

Anſ. Yon is her husband, let vs leaue this walke,
How full are bad thoughts of ſuſpition,
I loue, but loath my ſelfe for louing ſo,
Yet cannot change my diſpoſition.

Fuller. Medice, cura teipſum.

Anſ. Hei mihi quod meliis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.

Yong Ar. All your perſwaſions are to no effect.
Neuer alledge her vertues, nor her beautie,
My ſetled vnkindneſſe hath begot
A reſolution to be vnkind ſtill.
My ranging pleaſures loue varietie.

Yong Lu. Oh too vnkind vnto ſo kinde a wife,
Too vertüleſſe to one ſo vertuous,
And too vnchaſt vnto ſo chaſt a matron.

Yong Ar. But ſoft ſir, ſee where my two fathers are
Buſily talking, let vs ſhrinke aſide,
For if they ſee me, they are bent to chide.

Exeunt.

Old Ar. I thinke tis beſt to goe ſtraight to the houſe,
And make them friends againe: what thinke you ſir?

Old Lu. I thinke ſo too.

Old Ar. Now I remember too, that's not ſo good,

Fo

For diuers reasons I thinke best stay here,
And leaue them to their wrangling, what thinke you?
Old Lu. I thinke so too.
Old Ar. Nay we will goe, that's certaine. (to go.
Old Lu. I, tis best, tis best in sooth: there's no way but
Old Ar. Yet if our going should breed more vnrest,
More discord, more dissention, more debate,
More wrangling where there is enough already,
Twere better stay then go.
Old Lu. Fore God tis true,
Our going may perhaps breed more debate,
And then we may too late wish we had staid:
And therefore if you will be rul'd by me,
We will not go, thats flat: Nay if we loue
Our credits, or our quiets, lets not goe.
Old Ar. But if we loue their credits, or their quiets, we
And reconcile them to their former loue: (must goe
Where there is strife betwixt man and wife tis hell,
And mutuall loue may be comparde to heauen:
For then their soules and spirits are at peace.
Come *M. Lusam* now tis dinner time,
When we haue dinde, the first worke we will make,
Is to decide their iarres for pitty sake.
Old Lu. Well fare a good heart, yet are you aduisde,
Goe, said you *M. Arthur*? I will runne,
To end these broyles that discord hath begunne.

Exeunt.

Enter mistresse Arthur, and her man Pipkin.

Mi. Ar. Come hither *Pipkin*, how chance thou tread
Pip. For feare of breaking mistresse. (so softly.
Mi. Ar. Art thou afraid of breaking, how so?
Pip. Can you blame me mistres, I am crackt already.
Mis. Crackt *Pipkin*, how, hath any crackt your crown?
Pip. No

Pi. No mistres, I thank God my crown is currant, (but.

Mi. Ar. But, what?

Pip. The maid gaue me not my supper yesternight, so that indeed my belly wambled, and standing neare the great sea-cole fire in the hall, and not being full, on the sodaine I crackt, and you know mistres a Pipkin is soone broken.

Mi. Ar. Sirra, run to the Exchange, and if you there
Can find my husband, pray him to come home,
Tell him I will not eate a bit of bread
Vntill I see him: prethee *Pipkin* runne,

Pip. Bur Lady mistres, if I should tell him so, it may be he would not come, were it for no other cause but to saue charges, ile rather tel him, if he come not quickly, you will eate vp all the meate in the house, and then if he be of my stomacke, he will runne euery foote, and make the more hast to dinner.

Mi. Ar. I, thou maist iest, my heart is not so light,
It can digest the least conceit of ioy;
Intreat him fairely, though I thinke he loues
All places worse that he beholds me in,
Wilt thou be gone?

Pip. Whither mistres, to the Change?

Mi. Ar. I, to the Change.

Pip. I will mistres, hoping my *M.* will go so oft to the Change, that at length he will change his minde, and vse you more kindly, Oh it were braue if my master could meet with a Marchant of ill ventures to bargain with him for his bad conditions, and he sell them outright, you should haue a quieter heart, & we all a quieter house: but hoping mistresse you will passe ouer all these iarres and squabbles in good health, as my master was at the making hereof, I commit you.

Mi. Ar:

Miſ. Ar. Make haſt againe I prethee, till I ſee him
My heart will neuer be at reſt within me:
My husband hath of late ſo much eſtrangde
His words, his deeds, his heart from me,
That I can ſeldome haue his company:
And euen that ſeldome, with ſuch diſcontent,
Such frownes, ſuch chidings, ſuch impatience:
That did not truth and vertue arme my thoughts,
They would confound me with deſpaire and hate,
And make me runne into extreamities.
Had I deſeru'd the leaſt bad looke from him,
I ſhould account my ſelfe too bad to liue:
But honouring him in loue and chaſtity,
All iudgements cenſure freely of my wrongs.

Enter young Arthur, Maſter Luſam, Pipkin.

Yon. Ar. Pipkin, what ſaid ſhe when ſhe ſent for me?

Pip. Faith maſter ſhe ſaid little, but ſhe thought more,
For ſhe was very melancholy.

Yon. Ar. Did I not tell you ſhe was melancholly
For nothing elſe but that ſhe ſent for me,
And fearing I would come to dine with her.

Yon. Lu. O you miſtake her, euen vpon my ſoule
I durſt affirme you wrong her chaſtity,
See where ſhe doth attend your comming home.

Mi. Ar. Come maſter *Arthur*, ſhall we in to dinner?
Sirra be gone, and ſee it ſeru'd in.

Yon. Lu. Will you not ſpeake vnto her?

Yon. Ar. No not I, will you goe in ſir?

Mi. Ar. Not ſpeake to me, not once looke towards me?
It is my duty to begin I know,
And I will breake this ice of curteſie,
You are welcome home ſir.

Yon. Ar. Harke maſter *Luſam* if ſhe mocke me not:

You are welcome home sir, am I welcome home,
Good faith I care not if I be or no.
Yong Lu. Thus you misconstrue all things *M. Arthur*,
Looke if her true loue melt not into teares.
Yong Ar. She weepes, but why? that I am come so soone,
To hinder her of some appointed guests,
That in my absence reuels in my house:
She weepes to see me in her companie;
And were I absent, she would laugh with ioy:
She weepes to make me wearie of the house;
Knowing my heart cannot away with griefe.
Mi. Ar. Knew I that mirth would make you loue my bed,
I would enforce my heart to be more merrie.
Yon. Ar. Do you not heare? she would inforce her heart,
All mirth is forc'd that she can make with me.
Yon. Lu. O mis-conceit, how bitter is thy taste!
Sweet *M. Arthur*, Mistresse *Arthur* too,
Let me intreat you reconcile these iarres,
Odious to heauen and most abhord of men.
Mi. Ar. You are a stranger sir, but by your words
You doe appeare an honest Gentleman:
If you professe to be my husbands friend,
Persist in these persuasions and be iudge
With all indifference, in these discontents.
Sweet husband, if I be not faire enough
To please your eye, range where you list abroad,
Onely at comming home speake me but faire:
If you delight to change, change when you please,
So that you will not change your loue to me:
If you delight to see me drudge and toile,
Ile be your drudge, because tis your delight:
Or if you thinke me vnworthy of the name
Of your chaste wife, I will become your maide,

Your

Your slaue, your seruant, any thing you will,
If for that name of seruant, and of slaue,
You will but smile vpon me now and then:
Or if, as well I thinke you cannot loue me,
Loue where you list, onely but say you loue me:
Ile fede on shadowes, let the substance goe,
Will you denie me such a small request?
What, will you neither loue nor flatter me?
O, then I see your hate here doth but wound me,
And with that hate, it is your frownes confound me.
Yo. Lu. Wonder of women: why hark you *M. Arthur*
What, is your wife a woman, or a Saint?
A wife, or some bright Angell come from heauen?
Are you not mou'd at this strange spectacle?
This day I haue beheld a miracle.
When I attempt this sacred nuptiall life,
I beg of heauen to finde me such a wife.
Yong Ar. Ha, ha, a miracle, a Progedie,
To see a woman weepe is as much pittie,
As to see Foxes dig'd out of their holes:
If thou wilt pleasure me, let me see thee lesse,
Grieue much: they say griefe often shortens life,
Come not to neere me till I call thee wife:
And that will be but seldome. I will tell thee
How thou shalt winne my heart, die sodainely,
And ile become a lustie widdower:
The longer thy life lasts, the more my hate
And loathing still encreaseth towards thee.
When I come home and find thee cold as earth,
Then will I loue thee. Thus thou know'st my minde.
Come *M. Lusam*, let vs in to dine. *Exeunt.*
Yong Lu. O sir, you too much affect this euill:
Poore saint, why wert thou yoakt thus with a diuel? *exit.*

Mist. Ar. If thou wilt win my heart, dye sodainly,
But that my soule was bought at such a rate,
At such a high price as my Sauiours bloud,
I would not sticke to loose it with a stab.
But vertue banish all such fantasies,
He is my husband, and I loue him well,
Next to my owne soules health I tender him,
And would giue all the pleasures of the world
To buy his loue, if I might purchase it,
Ile follow him, and like a seruant wait,
And striue by all meanes to preuent his hate. *Exit.*

Enter old Arthur, and old Lusam.

Old Ar. This is my sonnes house, were it best go in?
How say you master *Lusam?*

Old Lu. How, goe in, how say you sir?

Old Ar. I say tis best.

Old Lu. I sir, say you so? so say I too.

Old Ar. Nay, nay, tis not best, ile tell you why,
Happly the fire of hate is quite extinct,
From the dead embers, now to rake them vp,
Should the least sparke of discontent appeare,
To make the flame of hatred burne a fresh,
The heate of this dissention might scorch vs,
Which in his owne cold ashes smothered vp,
May dye in silence, and reuiue no more.
And therefore tell me, is it best or no?

Old Lu. How say you sir?

Old Ar. I say it is not best.

Old Lu. Maste you say well sir, and so say I too.

Old Ar. But shall we loose our labour to come hither
And without sight of our two children
Goe backe againe? nay, we will in, that's sure.

Old Lu.

Old Lu. In quotha, doe you make a doubt of that,
Shall we come thus farre, and in such post haft,
And haue our children here, and both within,
And not behold them ere our backe returne?
It were vnfriendly, and vnfatherly:
Come *M. Arthur*, pray you follow me.

Old Ar. Nay, but harke you sir, will you not knocke?

Old Lu. Is't best to knocke?

Old Ar. I, knocke in any case.

Old Lu. Twas well you put it in minde to knocke?
I had forgotten it else I promise you. (doore,

Old Ar. Tush, ist not my sonnes and your daughters
And shall we two stand knocking? Leade the way.

Old Lu. Knock at our childrens doores, that were a iest,
Are we such fooles to make our selues so strange,
Where we should still be boldest? in for shame,
We will not stand vpon such ceremonies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ful. Speake, in what kew sir do you find your heart
Now thou hast slept a little on thy loue?

Ans. Like one that striues to shun a little plash
Of shallow water, and auoiding it,
Plunges into a riuer past his depth.
Like one that from a small sparke steps aside,
And fals in headlong to a greater flame.

Ful. But in such fires scorch not thy selfe for shame:
If she be fire, thou art so farre from burning,
That thou hast scarse yet warmde thee at her face:
But list to me, ile turne thy heart from loue,
And make thee loath all of the feminine sexe.
They that haue knowne me, knew me once of name
To be a perfect wencher, I haue tried,
All sorts, all sects, all states, and find them still
Inconstant, fickle, alwaies variable,

Attend me man, I will prescribe a method,
How thou shalt win her without all peraduenture.
Ans. That would I gladly heare.
Ful. I was once like thee,
A sigher, melancholie, humorist,
Crosser of armes, a goer without garters,
A hat-band hater, and a buske point wearer,
One that did vse much bracelets, made of haire,
Rings on my fingers, iewels in mine eares:
And now and then a wenches Carkanet,
That had two letters for her name in pearle;
Scarfs, garters, bands, wrought wastcoats, Gold stitcht caps,
A thousand of these female fooleries,
But when I lookt into the glasse of reason, strait I began
To loath that female brauery, and henceforth
Study to craue *peccauis* to the world.
Ans. I pray you to your former argument,
Prescribe a meanes to win my best belou'd.
Ful. First be not bashfull, bar all blushing trickes,
Be not too apish female, do not come
With foolish Sonets to present her with,
With legs, with curtesies, congies and such like,
Nor with pend speeches, or too farre fetcht sighs,
I hate such antique quaint formality.
Ans. O but I cannot watch occasion,
Shee dashes euery proffer with a frowne,
Ful. A frowne, a foole, thou afraid of frownes?
He that will leaue occasion for a frowne,
Were I his iudge (all you his case be mone)
His doome should be, euer to lie alone.
Ans. I cannot chuse, but when a wench saies nay
To take her at her word, and leaue my suite.
Ful. Continue that opinion, and be sure,
To die a virgin chast, a maiden pure,

It was my chance once in my wanton dayes,
To court a wench, harke and ile tell thee how,
I came vnto my Loue, and ſhe lookt coy,
I ſpake vnto my Loue, ſhe turnde aſide,
I toucht my Loue, and gan with her to toy,
But ſhee ſate mute for anger, or for pride;
I ſtriu'd and kiſt my Loue, ſhe cride away,
Thou wouldſt haue left her thus, I made her ſtay.
I catcht my Loue, and wrung her by the hand,
I tooke my Loue, and ſet her on my knee,
And puld her to me, O you ſpoile my band,
You hurt me ſir, pray let me goe quoth ſhe,
I am glad quoth I, that you haue found your tongue,
And ſtill my Loue I by the fingers wrung:
I askt her if ſhe lou'd me, ſhe ſaid no,
I bad her ſweare, ſhe ſtraight cals for a booke,
Nay then thought I, tis time to let her go,
I eaſde my knee, and from her caſt a looke,
She leaues me wondring at theſe ſtrange affaires,
And like a wind ſhe trips me vp the ſtaires,
I left the roome below, and vp I went
Finding her throwne vpon her wanton bed,
I askt the cauſe of her ſad diſcontent,
Further ſhe lies, and making roome ſhe ſed,
Now ſweeting kiſſe me, hauing time and place,
So clings me to her with a ſweet embrace.

Anſ. Iſt poſſible, I had not thought till now
That women could diſſemble. *M. Fuller*
*H*eere dwels the ſacred miſtreſſe of my heart,
Before her dore ile frame a friuolous walke,
And ſpying her, with her deuiſe ſome talke.

Enter as out of the houſe, M. Arthur, Miſtreſſe Arthur, old Arthur, old Luſam, yong Luſam, Pipkin and the reſt.

Ful What ſtir is this, lets ſtep but out the way,
And heare the vtmoſt what theſe people ſay. *Old*

Old Ar. Thou art a knaue, although thou be my ſon,
haue I with care and trouble brought thee vp,
To be a ſtaffe and comfort to my age,
A piller to ſupport me, and a crutch
To leane on in my ſecond infancy,
And dooſt thou vſe me thus? Thou art a knaue,
Old Lu. A knaue, I marry, and an arrant knaue:
And ſirra, by old maſter *Arthurs* leaue
Though I be weake and old, Ile proone thee one.
Yong Ar. Sir, though it be my fathers pleaſure thus
To wrong me with the ſcorned name of knaue
I will not haue you ſo familiar,
Nor to preſame vpon my patience.
Old Lu. Speake M. *Arthur*, is he not a knaue?
Old Ar. I ſay he is a knaue.
Old Lu. Then ſo ſay I,
Yong Ar. My father may command my patience:
But you ſir, that are but my father in law,
Shall not ſo mocke my reputation,
Sir, you ſhall find I am an honeſt man.
Old Lu. An honeſt man!
Yong Ar. I ſir, ſo I ſay.
Old Lu. Nay, if you ſay ſo, Ile not be againſt it:
But ſir, you might haue vſde my daughter better,
Then to haue beate her, ſpurnde her, raild at her
Before our faces.
Old Ar. I, therein Sonne Arthur,
Thou ſhewdſt thy ſelfe no better then a knaue.
Old Lu. Marry did he, I will ſtand to it,
To vſe my honeſt daughter in ſuch ſort,
He ſhewd himſelfe no better then a knaue.
Yong Ar. I ſay againe I am an honeſt man,
He wrongs me that ſhall ſay the contrary.
Old Lu. I grant ſir that you are an honeſt man,

Nor

Nor will I ſay vnto the contrary.
But wherefore doe ye vſe my Daughter thus?
Can you accuſe her of vnchaſtity,
Of looſe demeanour, diſobedience, or diſloyalty?
Speake, what canſt thou obiect againſt my daughter?
Old Ar. Accuſe her, here ſhe ſtands, ſpit in her face,
If ſhe be guilty in the leaſt of theſe.
Miſ. Ar. O Father be more patient, if you wrong
My honeſt husband, all the blame be mine,
Becauſe you doe it onely for my ſake,
I am his hand-maid, ſince it is his pleaſure
To vſe me thus, I am content therewith,
And beare his checkes and croſſes patiently.
Yon. Ar. If in mine owne houſe I can haue no place,
Ile ſeeke it elſe where, and frequent it leſſe.
Father, I am now paſt one and twenty yeares,
I am paſt my mothers pampring, I ſucke not.
Nor am I dandled on my mothers knee:
Then if you were my father twenty times,
You ſhould not chuſe but let me be my ſelfe.
Do *I* come home ſo ſeldome, and that ſeldome
Am *I* thus baited, wife, remember this,
Father farewel, and father in law adue:
Your ſon had rather faſt then feaſt with you. *Exit.*
Old Ar. Wel, go to wild oats, ſpend thrift prodigal,
Ile croſſe thy name quight from my reckning booke:
For theſe accounts, faith it ſhall ſcath thee ſome what,
I will not ſay what, ſomewhat it ſhall be.
Old Lu. And it ſhal ſcath him ſomewhat of my purſe,
And daughter I will take thee home againe,
Since thus he hates thy fellowſhip,
Be ſuch an eye-ſore to his eye no more,
I tell thee, thou no more ſhalt trouble him. (ther?
Miſ. Ar. Will you diuorce whom god hath put toge-

Or brake that knot the ſacred hand of heauen
Made faſt betwixt vs. Haue you neuer heard
what a great curſe was laid vpon his head
That breakes the holy band of mariage,
Diuorſing husbands from their choſen wiues,
Father I will not leaue my *Arthur* ſo,
Not all my friends can make me prooue his foe.

Old Ar. I could ſay ſomewhat in my ſons reproofe,

Old Lu. Faith ſo could I.

Old Ar. But tell I meete him, I will let it paſſe.

Old Lu. Faith ſo will I.

Old Ar. Daughter farewell, with weeping eyes I part
witneſſe theſe teares, thy greefe ſits neare my heart.

Old Lu. Weepes *M. Arthur*, nay then let me cry,
His cheekes ſhall not be wet, and mine be dry. *Exeunt.*

Miſ. Ar. Fathers farewell, ſpend not a teare for me,
But for my husbands ſake let thoſe woes be,
For when I weepe, ti's not for my owne care,
But feare, leaſt folly bring him to deſpaire.

Yon. Lu. Sweete Saint continue ſtill this patience,
For time will bring him to true penitence,
Mirror of vertue, thankes for my good cheare,
A thouſand thankes.

Miſ. Ar. It is ſo much to deare:
But you are welcome for my husbands ſake,
His gueſt ſhal haue the beſt welcom I can make. (mon

Yo. L. Then mariage nothing in the world more com-
Nothing more rare then ſuch a vertuous woman. *Ex.*

Miſ. Ar. My husband in this humor well I know
Plaies but the vnthrift: therefore it behoues me,
To be the better huſwife heere at home,
To ſaue and get, whilſt he doth laugh and ſpend,
Though for himſelfe he riots it at large,
My needle ſhall defray my houſhold charge.

Ful.

Ful. Now Maiſter Anſelme to her, ſtep not backe,
Buſſe your ſelfe, ſee where ſhe ſits at worke,
Be not afraid man, ſhee's but a woman,
And women the moſt cowards ſeldome feare,
Thinke but vpon my former principles,
Twenty pounds to a dram you ſpeed.

Anſ. I, ſay you ſo?

Ful. Beware of bluſhing ſirrah,
Of feare and too much eloquence,
Raile on her husband his miſuſing her,
And make that ſerue thee as an argument,
That ſhe may ſooner yeeld to doe him wrong:
Were it my caſe, my Loue, and I to plead,
I hau't at fingers ends, who could miſſe the clout,
Hauing ſo faire a white, ſuch ſteaddy aime,
This is the vpſhot, now bid for the game.

Anſ. Faire miſtres, God ſaue you.

Ful. What a circumſtance begins he with, what an (Aſſe is he,
To tell her at the firſt that ſhe was faire,
The onely meanes to make her to be coy:
He ſhould haue rather told her ſhe was foule,
And brought her out of loue quite with her ſelfe,
And being ſo, ſhe would the leſſe haue carde,
Vpon whoſe ſecrets ſhe had laid her loue:
He hath almoſt mard all with that word faire.

Anſ. Miſtres, God ſaue you.

Ful. What a block is that,
To ſay, God ſaue you, is the fellow mad
Once to name God in his vngodly ſute?

Mi. Ar. Y'are welcome ſir, come you to ſpeake with me,
Or with my husband, pray you whats your will?

Ful. She anſwers to the purpoſe, whats your will?
O I zownes that I were there to anſwer her.

Anſ. Miſtres, my will is not ſo ſoone expreſt,

Without your speciall fauour, and the promise
Of loue and pardon if I speake amisse.
Ful. O asse, O duns, O blockhead that haue left
The plaine broad high way, and the readiest path,
To trauell round about by circumstance,
He might haue told his meaning in a word.
And now hath lost his opportunity,
Neuer was such a trewant in Loues schoole,
I am ashamde that ere I was his tutor.
Mi. Ar. Sir, you may freely speake what ere it be,
So that your speech suteth with modesty.
Ful. To this now could I answer passing well.
Anſ. Mistres, I pitying that so faire a creature.
Ful. Still faire, and yet I warnd the contrary.
An. Sould by a villaine be so fowly vide as you haue
Ful. I, that was well put in, (beene-
If time and place were both conuenient.
Anſ. Haue made this bold intrusion to present
My loue and seruice to your sacred selfe.
Ful. Indifferent, that was not much amisse.
Miſ. Ar. Sir, what you meane by seruice and by loue
I will not know: but what you meane by villaine
I faine would know.
Anſ. That villaine is your husband,
Whose wrongs towards you are bruted through the land:
O can you suffer at a peasants hands,
Vnworthy once to touch this silken skinne,
To be so rudely beate and buffetted?
Can you indure from such infectuous breath,
Able to blast your beauty, to haue names
Of such impoisoned hate flung in your face?
Ful. O that was good, nothing was good but that,
That was the lesson that I taught him last.
Anſ. O can you heare your neuer tainted fame

Woun-

Wounded with words of shame and infamie,
O can see your pleasures dealt away,
And you to be debarr'd all part of them,
And bury it in deepe obliuion?
Shall your true right be still contributed,
Mongst hungry bawds, intariable Curtisants?
And can you leaue that villaine by whose deede,
Your soule doth sigh, and your distrest heart bleed?

Ful. All this as well as I could wish my selfe.

Mis. Ar. Sir, I haue heard thus long with patience
If it be me you terme a villaines wife,
Insooth you haue mistooke me all this while,
And neither know my husband nor me selfe,
Or else you know not man and wife is one,
If he be calde a villaine, what is she,
Whose heart and loue, and soule is one with him?
Tis pitty that so faire a Gentleman,
Sould fall into such villaines company,
Oh Sir, take heede, if you regard your life,
Meddle not with a villaine, or his wife. *Exit.*

Ful. O that lame word villaine hath marde all:

An. Now wher's your instruction? wher's the Wench
Where are my hopes? where your directions?

Ful. VVhy man, in that word villaine you mar'd all:
To come vnto an honest wife, and call
Her husband villaine, were she neuer so bad,
Thou mightst well thinke she would not brooke that (name,
For her owne credite, though no loue to him,
But leaue not thus, but trie some other meane,
Let not one way thy hopes make frustrate cleane.

Ans. I must persist my Loue against my will,
He that knowes al things, knows I proue this il. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aminadab with a rod in his hand, and ii. or iii. boyes with their bookes in their hands.

Ami. Come boyes, come boyes, rehearse your parts,
And then *adprandium, iam iam incipe.*
1 *Boy*, Forsooth my lesson's torne out of my booke.
Ami. Qua caueris Cartis deserui sse decet.
Torne from your booke, ile tare it from your breech
How say you mistres *Virga* will you suffer
Hic puer bona indolis to teare
His lessons, leaues and lectures from his booke?
1 *Boy*, Truly forsooth, I laid it in my seate,
While *Robin Glade* and I went into *Campis*,
And when I came againe my booke was torne.
Am. O mus a mouse, was euer heard the like?
1 *Boy*, *O domus* a house, maister I could not mend it.
2 *Boy*, *O Pediculus* a lowse, I know not how it came.
Ami. All towardly boyes, good schollers of their times
The least of these is past his Accidence,
Some at *Qui mihi*: heere's not a boy
But he can conster al his Grammer Rules:
Sed vbi sunt Sodales, not yet come?
Those *tarde venientes*, shall be whipt.
Vbi est Pipkin, wher's that lazie knaue? *Enter Pip.*
He playes the truant euery Saturday,
But mistris *Virga*, lady *Willowbie*
Shall teach him, that *Diluculo surgere*
Est saluberimum, here comes the knaue.
1 Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*
2 Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*
Am. Huc ades Pip. reach a better rod,
Cur tam tarde venis? speake, where hast thou beene?
Ii this a time a day to come to schoole:
Vbi fuisti, speake where hast thou beene?
Pip. Magister quomodo vales?
Ami. Is that *responsio* fitting my demand?
Pip. Etiam certe you aske me where I haue bin & I say,

Quo-

Quomodo vales, as much to say, com out of the alehouse

Ami. Vntrusse, vntrusse, nay helpe him, helpe him.

Pip. Queso preceptor, queso, for Gods sake do not whip (me,

Quid est Gramatica?

Ami. Not whip you. *Quid est Gramatica*, what's that

Pip. Gramatica est, that if I vntrusse, you must needs whip me vpon them: *Quid est Gramatica?*

Ami. When then, *dic mihi*, speake where hast thou bin?

Pip. Forsooth my mistris sent me of an arrant, to fetch my *M.* from the exchange, wee had strangers at hom at dinner, and but for thē I had not come *tarde, queso pre-*

Ami. Conster your lesson, perce it, *ad vnguem (ceptor et condemnato* too, ile pardon thee.

Pip. That I will *M.* and if youle giue me leaue. *(expone*

Am. Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas, expone

Pip. Conster it master? I will, *Dicas* they say, *propria* the proper man, *que maribus* that loues mary-bones, *mascula* mis-call'd mee,

Ami. A pretty queint, and a new construction!

Pip. I warrant you *Maister*, if there bee any mary-bones in my lesson, I am an ould dog at them, How cōster you this *Maister*: *Rostra desertus amat?*

Ami. desertus a dsard, *amat* doth loue, *Rostra* Rostmeat.

Pip. A good construction on an empty stomack: *Master* now I haue conster'd my lesson, my mistris would pray you to let me come home, to goe of an arrand.

Ami. Your *tres sequuntur*, and away.

Pip. Canis a hog, *rana* a dog, *porcus* a frog,

Abeundum est mihi. *Makes a leg, and exit.*

Ami. Yours sirra, too then, and *ad prandium*

1 *Boy Apis* a bed *genu* a knee, *Vulcanus* Doctor *Dee*: *Viginti minus vsus est mihi.*

Ami. By *Iunos* lip, and *Saturnus* thumbe,

It was *bonus, bona, bonum,*

2. Boy, *Vinum* glasse, *spica* grasse, *tu es Asinus*, you are an Asse, *precor tibi felicem noctem.*

Ami: Claudite iam libros pueri sat prace bibistis,
Looke when you come againe you tell me *vbi fuistis*
He that minds trish trash, & will not haue a care of his
He I will be-lish lash and haue a fling at his *podix*. (*redix*

Enter young Arthur,

Yon. Ar. A prety wench, a passing prety wench,
A sweeter duck all London cannot yeeld,
She cast a glance on me as I pass'd by,
Not *Hellen* had so rauishing an eye.
Heere is the Pedant, Sir, *Aminadab*,
I will inquire of him, if he can tell
By any circumstance, whose wife she is:
Such fellowes commenly haue intercourse
Without suspition, where we are debard.
God saue you Sir *Aminadab*.

Ami. Salue tu quoq; would you speake with me?
You are I take it, and let me not lie,
For as you know, *Mentiri non ect meum*,
Youn M. *Arthur*, *quid vis*, what will you?

Yon. Ar. You are a man I much rely vpon:
There is a prety wench dwels in this streete,
That keepes no shop, nor is not publike knowne:
At the Two posts, next turning at the lane,
I saw her from a window looking out:
O, could you tell me how to come acquainted,
With that sweete lasse, you should command me sir,
Euen to the vtmost of my life and power.

Ami. Dii boni, boni, tis my loue he meanes,
But I will keepe it from this Genleman;
And so I hope make trial of my loue.

Yon. Ar. If I obtaine her, thou shalt win thereby,
More then at this time, I wil promise thee.

Ami,

Ami. *Quando venis apud*, I shall haue two hornes on my *Caput*.

Yon Ar. What if her husband come & find one there

Ami. *Nunquam*, time neuer feare,
She is vnmarried I sweare,
But if I helpe you to the deed,
Tu vis narrare how you speed.

Long Ar. Tell how I speed, I sir, I will to you,
Then presently about it: many thankes,
For this great kindnesse, Sir *Aminadab*.

Ami. If my *Puella* prooue a drab,
Ile be reueng'd on both, *ambo* shal die,
Shal die by what, for *ego I*,
*H*aue neuer handled I thanke God,
Other weapon then a rod:
I dare not fight for all my speeches,
Sed Cane, if I take him thus,
Ego sum expers at vntrusse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iustice Reason, old Arthur, old Lusam, Mistresse Arthur, young Lusam, and Hugh.

Old Ar. We, Master *Iustice Reason*, come about
A serious matter that concernes vs neare:

Old Lu. I mary doth it sir, concerne vs neare:
Would God sir you would take some order for it,

Old Ar. Why looke ye *M. Lusam* you are such another,
You will be talking what concernes vs neare,
And know not why we come to *M. Iustice*.

Old Lu. How, know not I?

Old Ar. No sir, not you.

Old Lu. Well, I know somewhat, though I know not that,
Then on I pray you.

Iust. Forward I pray, yet the case is plaine,

Old Ar. Why sir, as yet you doe not know the case.

Old Lu. Wel, he knows somwhat, forward *M. Arthur*.

Old Ar. And as I tould you, my vnruly sonne,
Once hauing bid his wife home to my house,
There tooke occasion to be much agrieu'd,
About some houshold matters of his owne,
And in plaine tearmes, they fell in controuersie.
Old Lu. It is true sir, I was there the selfe same time,
And I remember many of the words.
Old Ar. Lord what a man are you, you were not there
That time, as I remember you were rid
Downe to the North to see some friends of yours.
Old Lu. Well, I was somewhere, forward M. *Ar.*
Iust. All this is well, no fault is to be found
In either of the parties: pray say on.
Old Ar. Why sir, I haue not namde the parties yet
Nor tucht the fault that is complainde vpon.
Old Lu. Well, you tucht somewhat, forward *M. Ar.*
Old Ar. And as I said, they fell in controuersie,
My sonne not like a husband, gaue her words,
Of great reproofe, despight and contumely,
Which she poore soule digested patiently,
This was the first time of their falling out,
As I remember, at the selfesame time,
One *Thomas* the Earle of Surreys Gentleman,
Dined at my table.
Old Lu. O, I know him well.
Old Ar. You are the strangest man, this Gentleman
That I speake of, I am sure you neuer saw;
He came but lately from be-yond the sea.
Old Lu. I am sure I know one *Thomas:* forwad sir.
Iust. And is this all? make me a mittimus,
And send the offender straightwaies to the gaile,
Old Ar. First know the offender, how began the strife
Betwixt this Gentlewoman and my sonne,
Since when sir, he hath vsde her nothing like one

That

That should partake his bed, but like a slaue.
My comming was, that you being in office,
And in authority, should call before you
My vnthrift sonne, to giue him some aduice,
Which he will take better from you then me
That am his father: heer's the Gentlewoman,
Wife to my sonne, and daughter to this man,
Whome I perforce compeld to liue with vs.
Iust. All this is well, here is your sonne you say,
But she that is his wife, you cannot find.
Yon Ln. You do mistake sir, heer's the Gentlewoman,
It is her husband that will not be found.
Iust. well, all is one, for man and wife are one,
But is this all?
Yong Ln. I, all that you can say,
And much more then you can well put off.
Iust. Nay, if the case appeare thus euident,
Giue me a cup of wine: what, man and wife
To disagree, I prethee fill my cup:
I could say somewat, tut, tut, by this wine,
I promise you, tis good Canary Sacke.
Mis. Ar. Fathers you doe me open violence
To bring my name in question, and produce
This gentleman and others here to witnesse
My husbands shame in open audience,
what may my husband thinke when he shall know
I went vnto the Iustice to complaine:
But *M.* Iustice here, more wise then you
Sayes little to the matter, knowing well
His office is no whit concernd herein,
Therefore with fauour I will take my leaue.
Iust. The woman saith but reason *M. Arthur*,
And therefore giue her licence to depart.
Old. Ln. Here is drie Iustice, not to bid vs drinke,

Harke thee my friend, I prethee lend the cup:
Now M. Iuſtice heare me but one word,
You thinke this woman hath had little wrong,
But by this wine which I intend to drinke:

Iuſt. Nay ſaue your oath, I pray you do not ſweare,
Or if you ſweare, take not too deepe an oath.

Old Lu. Content you, I may take a lawfull oath
Before a Iuſtice: therefore by this wine.

Yong Lu. A profound oath, well ſworn, & deeple tooke,
Tis better thus, then ſwearing on a booke.

Old Lu. My Daughter hath bin wronged exceedingly.

Iuſt. O ſir, I would haue credited theſe words
Without this oath: but bring your Daughter hither,
That I may giue her counſell ere you goe.

Old Lu. Marry Gods bleſsing on your heart for that,
Daughter giue eare to Iuſticie *Reaſons* words.

Iuſt. Good woman, or good wife, or miſtris, if you haue done amiſſe, it ſhould ſeeme you haue don a fault: and making a fault, there's queſtion but you haue done amiſſe: but if you walke vprightly, & neither lead to the right hand nor the left, no queſtion but ye haue neither led to the right hand nor the left, but as a mā ſhould ſay walked vprightly: but it ſhould appeare by theſe plaintiffes, that you haue had ſome wrong, if you loue your ſpouſe intierly, it ſhuld ſeeme you affect him feruently and if he hate you monſtrouſly, it ſhould ſeeme he loaths you moſt exceedingly: and there's the point, at which I will leaue, for the time paſſes away: therefore to conclude, this is the beſt counſell, looke that thy husband ſo fall in, that hereafter you neuer fall out.

Old Lu. Good counſell, paſsing good inſtruction,
Follow it daughter. Now I promiſe you,
I haue not heard ſuch an Oration
This many a day: what remaines to doe?

Yon. Lu.

Yo. Lu. Sir, I was cald as witnes to this matter,
I may be gone for ought that I can see.

Iust. Nay stay stay friend, we must examine you,
What can you say concerning this debate,
Betwixt yong *M. Arthur* and his wife.

Yong Lu. Faith iust as much I thinke as you can say,
And thats iust nothing.

Iust. How, nothing? come depose him, take his oath,
Sweare him I say, take his confession.

Old Ar. What can you say sir in this doubtfull case?

Yon Lu. Why nothing sir.

Iust. We cannot take him in a contrary, alas,
For he sayes nothing still, and that same nothing
Is that which we haue stood on all this while,
He hath confest euen all, for all is nothing,
This is your witnes, he hath witnest nothing,
Since nothing then so plainely is confest,
And we by cunning answers and by wit,
Haue wrought him to confesse nothing to vs,
Write his confession.

Old Ar. Why, what should we write?

Iust. why nothing: heard you not as well as I,
what he confest? I say write nothing downe.
Mistris we haue dismist you, loue your husband,
which whilst you doe, you shall not hate your husband
Bring him before me, I will vrge him with
This Gentlemans expresse confession
Against you: send him to me, ile not faile
To keepe iust nothing in my memory.
And sir, now that we haue examined you,
we likewise here discharge you with good leaue.
Come *M. Arthur* and *M. Lusam* too,
Come in with me, vnlesse the man were here,
whome most especially the cause concernes,

VVe cannot end this quarell: but come neere,
And we will tast a glasse of our March beere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistris Mary, Mistris Splay, and Brabo.

Ma. I prethee tell me *Brabo*, what planet thinkst thou gouerned at my conception, that I liue thus openly to the world?

Bra. Two Planets rainde at once: *Venus*, thats you,
And *Mars* that is, were in coniunction.

Splay. Prethee, prethee, in faith that coniunction copulatiue, is that part of speech that I liue by.

Bra. Ha, ha, to see the world, yet swaggerers
That liue by cracke and big mouth'd menaces,
Are now reputed for the tallest men:
He that hath now a blacke much hato
Reaching from eare to eare, or turning vp
Puncto reuerso, bristling towards his eye:
He that can hang two handsome tools at his side,
Go in disguisd attire, weare iron enough,
Is held a tall man and a souldier.
He that with greatest grace can sweare gogs zounds,
Or in a Tauerne make a drunken fray,
Can cheat at dice, swagger in bawdy houses,
were veluet on his face: and with a grace
Can face it out with, as I am a souldier:
He that can clap his sword vpon the boord
Hee's a braue man, and such a man am I.

Ma. She that with kisses can both kill and cure,
That liues by loue that sweares by nothing else
But by a kisse, which is no common oath:
That liues by lying, and yet oft tels truth,
That takes most pleasure when she takes most paines,
Shee's a good wench my boy, and such am I.

Splay. She is past it, & prayes for them that may.

Bra. Is an old bawde, as you are mistris *Splay*.

Splay

Splay. O do not name that name, do you not know,
That I could neuer indure to heare that name?
But if your man would leaue vs, I would reade
The lesson that last night I promis'd you.

Ma. I prithee leaue vs, we would be alone.

Bra. And will, and must, if you bid me be gone.
I will withdraw, and draw on any he,
That in the worlds wide round dare cope with me,
Mistris fare well, to none I neuer spake
So kind a word: my saluations are,
Farewell and be hang'd, or in the diuells name:
what they haue beene my many fraies can tell,
You cannot fight therefore to you farewell. *Exit.* (tion,

Ma. O, this same swagerer is the bulwark of my reputa-
But Mist. *Splay,* now to your lecture that you promis'd me.

Splay. Daughter attend, for I will tell thee now,
What in my yong dayes, I my selfe haue tride,
Be rul'd by me and I will make the rich,
You, God be praisde, are faire, and as they say,
Full of good parts; you haue bin often tride,
To be a woman of good cariage,
VVhich in my mind, is very commendable.

Ma. It is indeede: forward good mother *Splay.*

Splay. And as I tould you, being faire, I wish
Sweet Daughter, you were as fortunate:
VVhen any suter comes to aske thy loue,
Looke not into his words; but into his sleeue:
If thou canst learne what language his purse speakes,
Be rul'd by that, thats golden eloquence.
Mony can make a flauering tongue speake plaine:
If he that loues thee, be deform'd and rich,
Accept his loue, gold hides deformity:
Gold can make limping *Vulcan* walke vpright; (smooth
Make squint eyes look straight, a crab'd face looke

Guildes

Guilds copper noſes, makes them looke like gold,
Fils ages wrinkles vp, and makes a face
As old as *Neſtors*, looke as young as *Cupids*.
If thou wilt arme thy ſelfe againſt all ſhifts,
Regard all men according to their gifts,
This if thou practiſe, thou, when I am dead
wilt ſay, old mother *Splay* loſt laid thy head.

Enter young Arthur.

Ma. Soft, who comes here? be gone good miſtris *Splay*
Of thy rules practiſe, this is my firſt day.

Splay. God for thy paſſion, what a beaſt am I
To ſcare the bird that to the net would flie. *Exit.*

You. Ar. By your leaue miſtreſſe.

Ma. what to doe Maiſter?

You. Ar. To giue me leaue to loue you.

Ma. I had raither afford you ſome loue to leaue me

Yo Ar. I would you would as ſoone loue me, as I (could leaue you

Ma. I pray you what are you ſir?

Yong. Ar. A man ile aſſure you.

Ma. How ſhould I know that?

Yong Ar. Trie me by my word, for I ſay I am a man, Or by my deed, ile proue my ſelfe a man.

Ma. Are you not Maiſter *Arthur*?

Yong Ar. Not M. *Arthur*, but *Arthur*, and your ſeruant ſweet Miſtreſſe *Mary*.

Mary. Not Miſtres *Mary*, but *Mary*, and your hand-maid, ſweete M. *Arthur*.

Yon. Ar. That I loue you, let my face tell you: that I loue you more then ordinary, let this kiſſe teſtifie: & that I loue you feruently and intirely, aske this gift, and ſee what it will anſwer you: my ſelfe, my purſe, and all being wholy at your ſeruice.

Ma. That I take your loue in good part, my thankes ſhall ſpeak for me: that I am pleas'd with your kiſſe, this intereſt

interest of another shall certificate you, and that I accept your gift, my prostrate seruice and selfe shall witnesse with me, my loue, lips, and sweete selfe, are at your seruice: wilt please you to come neare sir?

Yong Ar. O that my wife were dead, here would I make
My second choice, would shee were buried,
From out her graue this marigold should grow,
Which in my nuptials I would weare with pride:
Die shall shee, I haue doom'd her destiny.

Ma. 'Tis newes *M. Arthur* to see you in such a place,
How doth your wife?

Yong Ar. Faith mistris *Mary* at the point of death,
And long she cannot liue, she shall not liue
To trouble me in this my second choise.

Enter Aminidab with a bill and a headpeece.

Ma. I pray forbeare sir, for here comes my loue,
Good sir for this time leaue me: by this kisse
Your cannot aske the question at my hands
I will deny you; pray you get you gone.

Young Ar. Farewell sweet mistris *Mary*. *Exit.*

Ma. Sweet adieu.

Ami. Stand to me bil, and head peece sit thou close
I heare my loue, my wench, my ducke, my deare,
Is sought by many suters, but with this
Ile keepe the dore, and enter he that dare,
Virga begon, thy twigs ile turne to steele:
These fingers that were expert in the ierke,
In stead of lashing of the trembling *pedes*,
Must learne pash and knocke, and beate and mall,
Cleaue pates and *caputs*, he that enters here,
Comes on his death, *mors mortis*, he shall taste.

Ma. Alas poore foole the Pedants mad for loue,
Thinkes me more mad that I would marry him:
Hee's come to watch me with a rusty bill,

To keepe my friends away by force of armes,
I will not ſee him but ſtand ſtill aſide,
And here obſerue him what he meanes to do.
Ami. O vtinam, that he that loues her beſt,
Durſt offer but to touch her in this place,
Per Iehouah, & Innonem, hoc
Shall paſh his Coxcombe ſuch a knocke,
As that his ſoule his courſe ſhall take,
To *Limbo* and *Auernus* lake.
In vaine I watch in this darke hole,
Would any liuing durſt my manhood trie,
And to come vp the ſtraies this way.
Ma. O we ſhould ſee you make a goodly fray.
Ami. The wench I here watch with my bill,
Amo, amas, amani, ſtill,
Qui audet, let him come that dare,
Death, hell and Limbo be his ſhare.

Enter Brabo.

Bra. Wheres miſtris Mary neuer a poſt here,
A bar of iron gainſt which to trie my ſword?
Now by my beard a dainty peece of ſteele.
Ami. O *Ioue* what a qualme is this I feele?
Bra. Come hither mal, is none here but we too,
When didſt thou ſee the ſtarueling ſchoolmaiſter?
That rat, that ſhrimp, that ſpindleſhankes, that wren, that ſheepebiter, that leane chittiface, that famine, that leane enuy, that all bones, that bare anotomy, that iack a lent that ghoſt, that ſhadow, that moon in the waine.
Ami. I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.
Bra. When next I find him here ile hang him vp,
Like a drie Sawſage in the chimney top,
That ſtock-fiſh, that poore *Iohn*, that gut of men.
Ami. O that I were at home againe,
Bra. When he comes next, turne him into the ſtreets

Now come, lets dance the ſhaking of the ſheetes. *Exit.*

Ami. Qui qua quod: hence boiſtrous bill, come gentle rod,
Had not grim Malkin ſtampt and ſtarde,
Aminidab had little carde,
Or if in ſtead of this browne bill,
I had kept my miſtris *virga* ſtill,
And he vpon anothers backe,
His points vntruſt, his breeches ſlacke,
My countenance he ſhould not daſh,
For I am expert in the laſh,
But my ſweete Laſſe, my loue doth flie,
Which ſhall make me by poyſon die,
Per fidem, I will end my life
Either by poiſon, ſword or knife. *Exit*

Enter miſtris Arthur and Pipkin.

Miſ. Ar. Sirra, when ſaw you your maiſter?

Pip. Faith miſtris when I laſt lookt vpon him.

Mi. Ar. And when was that.

Pip. When I beheld him.

Miſ. Ar. And when was that.

Pip. Mary when he was in my ſight, and that was yeſterday, ſince whē I ſaw him not, nor look'd on him nor beheld him, nor had any ſight of him.

Miſt. Ar. Was he not at my father in lawes?

Pip. Yes mary was he.

Mi. Ar. Didſt thou not intreate him to come home.

Pip. How ſhould I miſtres, he came not there to day.

Mi. Ar. Didſt thou not ſay he was there? (when

Pip. True miſtres he was there, but I tould you not
He hath beene there diuers times of late.

Mi. Ar. About your buſineſſe, here ile ſit and waite,
His comming home though it be neuer ſo late,
Now once againe go looke him at the Change,
Or at the Church with ſir *Aminadab*.

Tis tould mee they vſe often conference:
When that is done, get you to ſcoole againe.

Pip. I had rather play the trewant at home, than goe ſeeke my M. at ſchoole: let me ſee, what age am I, ſome foure and twentie, and how haue I profited? I was fiue yeare learning cris croſſe from great *A*, and fiue yeare longer comming to *F*: there I ſtuck ſome three yeare before I could come to *Q*: & ſo in proceſſe of time I came to *e* per ſe *e*, & con per ſe, & tittle: then I got to *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, : after, to Our father: and in the ſixeteenth yeare of my age, and fifteenth of my going to ſchoole, I am (in good time) gotte to a Nowne, by the ſame token there my hoſe went downe: then I came to a verbe, there I began firſt to haue a beard: then I came to *iſte*, *iſta*, *iſtud*, there my maiſter whipt me till he fetch the blood, &c. ſo that now I am become the greateſt ſchooler in the ſchoole: for I am bigger then two or three of them, but I am gon, farewell miſtris. *Exit,*

Enter Anſelme and Fuller.

Fu. Loue none at all they will forſweare themſelues,
And when you vrge them with it, their replies.
Are, that *Ioue* laughs at louers periuries.

Anſ. You told me of a ieſt concerning that,
Prethee let me heare it.

Full. That thou ſhalt.
My Miſtris in a humour had proteſted,
That aboue all the world ſhe lou'd me beſt,
Saying with ſuters ſhe was oft moleſted,
And ſhe hath lodg'd her heart within my breaſt:
And ſweare (but me) both by her mask and fan,
She neuer would ſo much as name a man.
Not name a man quoth I? yet be aduiſde,
Not loue a man but me, let it be ſo:
You ſhall not thinke, quoth ſhe, my thoughts diſguiſde

in

In flattering language, or diſſembling ſhew,
May againe, and I know what I do,
I will not name a man aliue but you.
Into her houſe I came at vnaware,
Her backe was to me, and I was not ſeene,
I ſtole behind her till I had her faire,
Then with my hands I cloſed both her eyes:
Shee blinded thus, beginneth to bethinke her,
Which of her Loues it was that did hood winke her
Firſt ſhe begins to gueſſe and name a man,
That I well knew, but ſhe had knew far better.
The next I neuer did ſuſpect till than,
Still of my name I could not heare a letter;
Then mad, ſhee did name *Robin* and then *Iames*
Till ſhe had reckoned vp ſome twenty names,
At length when ſhe had counted vp her ſcore,
As one among the reſt ſhe hit on me:
I askt her if ſhe could not reckon more,
And pluckt a way my hands to let her ſee,
But when ſhe lookt backe, and ſaw me behind her?
She bluſht, and askt if it were I that did blind her?
And ſince I ſware both by her maske and fanne,
To truſt no ſhe tong, that can name a man.

Anſ. Your great oath hath ſome exceptions
But to our former purpoſe, yon is miſtris *Arthur*,
We will attempt another kind of wooing,
And make her hate her husband if we can.

Ful. But not a word of paſſion or of loue,
Haue at her now to trie her patience,
God ſaue you miſtres.

Mi. A. You are welcome ſir.

Ful. wher's your husband I pray?

Mi. Ar: Not within.

Anſ. who *M. Arthur*? him I ſaw euen now

At miſtris *Maries* the braue Curtizans,
Miſt. Ar. wrong not my husbands reputation ſo,
I neither can nor will beleeue you ſir.
Ful. Poore Gentlewoman, how much I pitty you,
Your husband is become her only gueſt:
He lodges there, and dayly diets there,
He riots, reuels, and doth all things,
Nay, he is held the maiſter of miſ-rule,
Mongſt a moſt loathed and abhorred crew,
And can you, being a woman, ſuffer this?
Miſ. Ar. Sir, ſir, I vnderſtand you well enough,
Admit my husband both frequent that houſe
Of ſuch diſhoneſt vſage, I ſuppoſe
He doth it but in zeale to bring them home
By his good counſell, from that courſe of ſinne.
And like a Chriſtian ſeeing them aſtray
In the broad path that to damnation leades,
He vſeth thither to direct their feete,
Into the narrow way that guides to heauen.
An. was euer woman gulld ſo palpably?
But miſtres *Arthur*, thinke you as you ſay?
Miſ. Ar. Sir, what I thinke I thinke, and what I ſay
I would I could enioyne you to beleeue
An. Faith miſtris *Arthur*, I am ſorry for you,
And in good ſooth, I wiſh it lay in me
To remedy the leaſt part of theſe wrongs
Your vnkind husband dayly profers you.
Miſ. Ar. You are deceiu'd he is not vnkind,
Although he bare an outward face of hate
His heart and ſoule are both aſſured mine.
Anſ. Fie miſtris *Arthur*, take a bitter ſpirit,
Be not ſo timorous to rehearſe your wronges
I ſay your husband haunts bad company,
Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton curtizans.

There he defiles his body, ſtaines his ſoule,
Conſumes his wealth, vndoes himſelfe and you
In danger of diſeaſes, whoſe vild names,
Are not for any honeſt mouthes to ſpeake,
Not any chaſt eares to receiue and heare,
O, he will bring that face admirde for beauty,
To be more loathed then a leprous skinne,
Diuorce your ſelfe now whilſt the clouds grow blacke
Prepare your ſelfe a ſhelter for the ſtorme,
Abandon his moſt loathed fellowſhip,
You are yong miſtres, will you looſe your youth?
Mi. Ar. Tempt no more diuell, thy deformity,
Hath chang'd it ſelfe into an angels ſhape,
But yet I know thee by thy courſe of ſpeech,
Thou gets an apple to betray poore *Eue*,
Whoſe out ſide beares a ſhew of pleaſant fruit,
But the vild branch, on which the apple grew,
Was that which drew poore *Eue* from Paradiſe.
Thy Syrens ſong could make me drowne my ſelfe,
But I am tied vnto the maſte of truth.
Admit my husband be inclinde to vice,
My vertues may in time recall him home:
But if we both ſhould deſp'rate runne to ſinne,
We ſhould abide certaine deſtruction.
But hees like one, that ouer a ſweet face,
Puts a deformed vizard, for his ſoule
Is free from any ſuch intents of ill;
Onely to trie my patience, he puts on,
An vgly ſhape of blacke intemperance:
Therefore this blot of ſhame, which he now weares,
I with my prayers will purge, waſh with teares.

Exit.

Anſ. Fuller.
Ful. Anſelme.

Anſ.

Anſ. How lik'ſt thou this?

Fnl. As ſchoole boyes ierkes, Apes whips, as Lions
As furies doe faſting dayes, and diuels croſſes, (cocks,
As maides to haue their mariage dayes put off:
I like it as the thing I moſt do loath,
what wilt thou do? for ſhame perſiſt no more
In this extremity of friuolus loue,
I ſee my doctrine moues no preciſe eares,
But ſuch as are prefeſt *inamoratos.*

Anſ. O I ſhall die.

Ful. Tuſh liue to laugh a little,
Heeres the beſt ſubiect that thy loue affoords,
Liſten a while and heare this: ho boy, ſpeake.

Ami. As in præſenti, thou loathſt the gift I ſent thee,
Nolo plus tarry but die, for the beauteous Mary, (by?
Faine would I die by a ſword, but what ſword ſhall I die
Or by a ſtone, what ſtone? *nullus lapis iacet ibi.* (vaines
Knife I haue non to ſtreth in my breſt, or empty my full
Here is no wall or poſt that I can ſoile with my bru'ſd
braines.
Firſt will I therefore ſay 2 or 3 Creedes and Auemaries
And after go buy a poyſon at the Apothecaries.

Ful. I pray thee *Anſelme* but obſerue this fellow
Doeſt not heare him? he would die for loue:
That miſh-ſhapt loue thou wouldeſt condemne in him
I ſee in thee, I prethee note him well.

Anſ. Were I aſſurd that I were ſuch a louer.
I ſhould be with my ſelfe quite out of loue:
I prethee lets perſwade him ſtill to liue.

Ful. That were a dangerous caſe, perhaps the fellow
In deſperation would to ſooth vs vp,
Promiſe repentant recantation,
And after fall into that deſperate courſe,
Both which I will preuent with policy.

Ami-

Ami. O death come with thy dart, come death when I bid
Mors vim veni mors, and from this misery rid me: (thee,
she home I lou'd, whom I lou'd, eu'n she my sweet prety
Doth but flout, & mocke, and iest, and dissimulary. (*Mary*
Ful Ile fit him finely, in this paper is
The iuyce of Mandrake, by a Docter made,
To cast a man, whose leg should be cut off
Into a deepe, a colde and senselesse sleepe,
Of such approued operation,
That who so takes it, is for twice twelue houres,
Breathlesse, and to all mens iudgements, past all sense:
This will I giue this pedant, but in sport,
For when tis knowne to take effect in him,
The world will but esteeme it as a iest:
Besides, it may be a meanes to saue his life,
For being perfect poyson, as it seemes,
His meaning is, some coueteous slaue for coine,
Will sell it him, though it be held by law,
To be no better then flat felony.
Ans. Vphold the iest, but he hath spied vs, peace,
Ami. Gentles God saue you,
Here is a man I haue noted oft, most learnd in Phisicke
One man he helpt of the cough, another he heald of the
And I will boord him thus: *Salue, o salue magister.* (tisick
Ful. Gratis mihi aduenis, quid mecum vis,
Ami. Optatum venis, paucis te volo.
Ful. Si quid industria nostra tibi faciat, dic que so.
Ami. Attend me sir, I haue a simple house,
But as the learned *Diogenes* saith,
In his Epistle to *Tartullian*,
It is extreamely troubled with great rats,
I haue no *musse* pusse, nor grey eyde cat,
To hunt them out, O could your learned Art.
Shew me a meanes how I might poyson them.

Tuus dum suus, sir Aminadab

Ful. With all my heart, I am no Rat-catcher,
But if you need a poyson, here is that
Will pepper both your dogs and rats and cats:
Nay spare your purse, I giue this in good will,
And as it proues I pray you send to me,
And let me know, would you aught else with me?

Ami. Minime quidem, heres that you say will take them:
A thousand thankes sweet sir, I say to you
As Tully in his Esops Fables said,
Agotibi gratias, so farewell, *vale*. *Exit.*

Ful. Adew. Come let vs goe, I long to see
What the euent of this new iest will bee.

Enter yong Arthur.

Yon. Ar. Good morrow gentlemen, saw you not this way
As you were walking, Sir Aminadab?

An. M. Arthur, as I take it.

Yong Ar. Sir the same.

An. Sir, I desire your more familiar loue,
VVould I could bid my selfe vnto your house,
For I haue wisht for your acquaintance long.

Yong Ar. Sweete *M. Anselme* I desire yours too:
Will you come dine with me to morrow,
You shall be welcome I assure you sir.

Ans. I feare I shall proue too bold a gueſt.

Yong Ar. You shall be welcome if you bring your friend

Ful. O Lord sir, we shall be too troublesome.

Yong Ar. Nay, now I will inforce a promise from you,
Shall I expect you?

Ful. Yes with all my heart.

An. A thousand thankes. Yonders the schoolmaster
So till to morrow twenty times farewell.

Yong. Ar. I double all your farewels twenty fold.

An. O this acquaintance was well scrapte of me,

By

By this my ioue to morrow I shall see. *Exit.*

Am. This poyson shall by force expell,
Amorem loue, *infernum* hell.
Per hoc venenum ego I,
For my sweet louely lasse will die.

Yong Ar. What doe I heare of poyson, which sweete (meanes
Must make me a braue frolick widower?
It seemes the doting foole being forlorne
Hath got some compound mixture, in dispaire
To end his desparate fortunes and his life:
Ile get it from him, and with this make way
To my wiues night, and to my Loues faire day.

Am. In *nomine domine*, friends farewell:
I know death comes heres such a smell.
Pater & Mater, father and mother,
Frater & soror, sister and brother,
And my sweete mary, not these drugges,
Do send me to the infernall bugges,
But thy vnkindnesse: so adeu,
Hob-gobbling now I come to you.

Yong Ar. Hold man, I say what will the mad man doe?
I haue I got thee, thou shalt goe with me:
No more of that, fie sir Aminidab.
Destroy your selfe: if I but heare hereafter
You practise such reuenge vpon your selfe,
All your friends shall know that for a wench,
A paltry wench you would haue kild your selfe.

Ami. O *tace quese*, doe not name
This frantick deede of mine for shame:
My sweete *maister* not a word,
Ile neuer drowne me in a ford,
Nor giue my necke such a scope,
To imbrace it with a hempen rope
Ile die no way till nature will me,

And death come with his dart and kill me
If what is past, you will conceale,
And nothing to the world reueale,
Nay as *Quintilian* said of yore,
Ile striue to kill my selfe no more.

Yon. Ar. Of that condition, Ile conceale this deede,
To morrow pray come and dine with me,
For I haue many strangers: mongst the rest
Some are desirous of your company,
You will not faile me?

Ami: No in sooth, ile trie the sharpenes of my tooth
In stead of poyson I will eate,
Rabbets, capons, and such meate,
And so as *Pythagoras* saies,
With wholesome fare prolong my dayes.
But sir, will mistres *Mal* be there?

You. Ar. She shall, she shall man, neuer feare,

Ami. Then my Spirit becomes stronger,
And I will liue and stretch longer,
For *Ouid* said, and did not lie,
That poysoned men do often die,
But poyson henceforth I will not eate,
Whilst I can other victuals get,
To morrow if you make a feast,
Be sure sir I will be your guest,
But keepe my counsell, *vale tu*,
And till to morrow sir adieu:
At your table I will proue,
If I can eate away my loue. *Exit.*

Yon. Ar. O I am glad I haue thee, now deuise
A way how to bestow it cunningly,
It shall be thus: to morrow ile pretend
A reconcilement twixt my wife and me,
And to that end I will inuite this many.

First Iustice *Reason*, as the cheeseman there,
My father Arthur, old Lusam, young Lusam, M. Fuller.
And M Anselme I haue bid already.
Then will I haue my hope mary too,
Be it but to spight my wife before I die:
For die shee shall before to morrow night,
The operation of this poyson is,
Not suddenly to kill they that take it
Fall in a sleepe and then it is past recure,
And this will I put in her cup to morrow.

Enter Pipkin running.

Pip. This it is to haue such a master, I haue sought him at the Change, at the Schoole, at euery place, but *I* cannot finde him no where. O cry mercy my mistres would intreat you to come home.

Yon. Ar. I cannot come to night, some vrgent busines
Vvill all this night imploy me otherwise.

Pip. I beleeue my mistres would kon you as much thankes to doe that busines at home as abroad.

Yon. Ar. Here take my purse, and bid my wife prouide
Good cheare against to morrow, there will be,
Two or three strangers of my late acquaintance,
Sirra go you to *Iustice Reasons* house,
*I*nuite him first with all solemnity,
Goe to my Fathers, and my Father in lawes,
Here take this note,
The rest that come *I* will inuite my selfe,
About it with what quicke despatch thou canst.

Pip. I warant you master ile despatch this busines with more honesty, then youl dispatch yours. But master, will the Gentlewoman be there?

Yon. Ar. What Gentlewoman?

Pipkin. The Gentlewoman of the old house, that is aswell knowne by the color she laies her cheeks, as an ale-

house by the painting is laid of his lettice: she that is like *Homo*, common to all men: shee that is beholding to no trade, but liues of her selfe.

Yong Ar. Sirra begon, or I will send you hence.

Pip. Ile go; but by this hand ile tell my mistris as soone as I come home, that mistris lightheeles comes to dinner to morrow.

Yon. Ar. Sweet mistres *Mary* ile inuite my selfe,
And there ile frolicke, sup and spend the night,
My plot is currant, here tis in my hand,
will make me happy in my second choice,
And I may freely challenge as mine owne,
What I am now inforcde to seeke by stealth.
Loue is not much vnlike ambition,
For in them both al lets must be remoued,
Twixt euery crowne & him that would aspire,
And he that will attempt to win the same,
Must plunge vp to the depth o're head and eares,
And hazard drowning in that purple sea.
So he that loues, must needs through bloud and fire,
And do all things to compasse his desire.

Enter Mistris Arthur and her maid.

Mi. Ar. Come spread the table, is the hall wel rub'd,
The cushions in the windowes neately laid,
The cupboord of plate set out, the casements stucke
with Rosemary and flowers, the Carpets brusht?

Maide. I forsooth mistris.

Mis. Looke to the kitchin maid, and bid the Cooke take downe the Ouen stone, the Pies be burnt: here take my keyes, and giue him out more spice.

Maid. Yes forsooth mistris.

Mis. Ar. VVher's that knaue *Pipkin* bid him spread the cloth,
Fetch the cleane Diaper Napkins from my chest.
Set out the guilded salt, and bid the fellow

make

Make himſelfe hanſome, get him a cleane band.
Maid. Indeed forſooth miſtris, he is ſuch a flouen
That nothing will ſit hanſome about him,
He had a pound of Sope to ſcowre his face,
And yet his brow lookes like a chimney ſocke.
Miſ. Ar. Heele be a flouen ſtill: maid take this apron,
And bring me one of linnen, quickly maid.
Maid. I go forſooth. *Exit maid.*
Miſ. Ar. There was a curtſie, let me ſee t againe:
I that was well, I feare my gueſt will come,
Ere we be ready, what a ſpight is this?
Within miſtris.
Miſ. Ar. What's the matter.
Within miſtres I pray take Pipkin from the fire,
we cannot keepe his fingers from the pot.
Mi. Ar. Bid him come hither, what a knaue is that?
Fie, fie, neuer out of the kitchin,
Still broiling by the fire.
Enter Pipkin.
Pip. I hope you will not take Pipkin from the fire
Till the broth be inough.
Enter maid with an apron.
Mi. Ar. well ſirrah, get a napkin and a trencher.
and wait to day. So, let me ſee my apron.
Pip. Miſtris I can tell you one thing, my M. wench
will come home to day to dinner.
Enter Iuſtice Raſon and his man.
Miſ. Ar. She ſhall be welcome if ſhe be his gueſt:
But heer's ſome of our gueſt are come already:
A chaire for *Iuſtice Raſon*, ſirra.
Iuſt. Good morrow miſtris Arthur, you are like a good huſwife,
At your requeſt I am come hither: what a Chaire!
Thus age ſeekes eaſe: where is your husband miſtris?
what a cuſhin too?

Pip.

Pip. I pray you ease your taile sir.

Iust. Mary and will good fellow, twenty thankes.

Pip. M. *Hue* as welcome as hart can tel, or tong can thinke

H. I thanke you M. *Piphin*, I haue got many a good dish of broth by your meanes.

Pip. According to the auncient curtesie, you are welcome: according to the time and place, you are hartily welcome: when they are busie at the bord, we will find our selues busied in the buttery, and so sweet *Hugh* according to our schollers phraise, *Orntulor aduentum tuum.*

Hu. I will answer you with the like, sweet *Piphin gratias*

Pip. As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you can good *Hugh*. But here comes more guest.

Enter old Arthur and old Lusam.

Mis. Ar. More stools & cushings for these gentlemen.

Old Ar. What M. Iustice *Reason* are you here,
who would haue thought to haue met you in this place?

Old Lu. What say mine eyes, is Iustice *Reason* here?
Mountaines may meete and so may we.

Iust. Well, when men meete they meet,
And when they part, they often leaue one anothers com-
So we being met are men. (pany:

Old Lu. Truly you say true,
And M. Iustice *Reason* speakes but reason,
To heare how wisely men of law will speake.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. Good morrow gentlemen,

Mis. Ar. What are you there?

An. Good morrow mistres, and good morrow all

Iust. If I may be so bold in a strange place,
I say good morrow, and as much to you,
I pray Gentlemen will you sit downe?
We haue beene young like you, and if you liue
Vnto our age, you will be old like vs.

Ful. Be rulde by reason, but who's here?

Enter Aminadab.

Ami. Saluete Omnes, and good day,
To all at once as I may say,
First *M. Iustice*, next old *Arthur*,
That giues me pension by the quarter,
To my good mistres and the rest,
That are the founders of this feast.
In briefe I speake to *omnes* all,
That to their meate intend to fall.

Iust. Welcome sir *Aminadab*, O my soule,
Hath profited exceedingly well with you,
Sit downe, sit downe by mistres *Arthurs* leaue.

Enter young Arthur, yong Lafam and mistris Arthur.

Yong Ar. Gentlemen, welcome all, whilst I deliuer
Their priuate welcome, wife, be it your charge
To giue this Gentlewoman entertainement.

Mis. Ar. Husband, I will. O this is the vsurper
The precious interest of my husbands loue:
Though as I am woman, I could well,
Thrust such a lewd companion out of dores,
Yet as I am a true obedient wife,
Ide kisse her feet to do my husbands will.
You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,
Indeede you are, pray doe not doubt of it.

Ma. I thanke you mistris *Arthur*, now by my little honestly,
It much repents me to wrong so chast a woman.

Yon. Ar. Gentles, put ore your legs: first, *M. Iustice*,
Here you shall sit.

Iust. And heere shall mistris *Arthur* sit by me.

Yong Ar. Pardon me sir, she shall haue my wifes place.

Mis. Ar. Indeed you shall, for he will haue it so.

Mary. If you will needs, but I shall doe you wrong to take your place.

Old Ln. I by my faith you should. (wrong,

Mi. Ar. That is no wrong which we impute no
I pray you sit.

Yong Ar. Gentlemen all, I pray you seat your selues:
What sir *Aminadab*, I know where your heart is.

Ami. Mum not a word; *Pax vobis*, peace:
Come Gentles, ile be of this messe:

Yong Ar. So, who giues thankes?

Ami. Sir, that will I.

Yong Ar. I pray you to it by and by, where's *Pipkin*?
Wait at the boord, let maister *Reasons* man
Be had into the buttry, but first giue him
A napkin and a trencher: Wel said *Hugh*,
Wait at your Maisters elbow; Now say Grace.

Ami. Gloria Deo, sirs, prosace,
Attend me now whilst I say Grace:
For bread and salt, for grapes and malt,
For flesh and fish, and euery dish,
Mutton and beefe, of all meates chiefe,
For Cowheeles, chitterlings, tripes and sowse,
And other meate thats in the house, amow
For rackes, for brests, for legs, for loines,
For pies with raisins and with proines,
For fritters, pancakes, and for frayes,
For venison pasties and mince pies,
Sheepes head and garlicke, brawne and mustard,
Wafers, spiced cakes, tartes and custard:
For capons, rabbets, pigges and geese:
For apples, carrawaies and cheese:
For all these and many mo,
Benedicamus Domino.
All Amen.

Iust. I kon you thankes; but sir *Aminadab*,
Is that your scholler? Now I promise you

He

Hee is toward ſtripling of his age.

Pip. Who I forſooth, yes indeed forſooth, I am his ſcholler, I would you ſhould well thinke, I haue profited vnder him too, you ſhall heare if he will poſe me.

Old Ar. I pray you, lets heare him.

Ami. Huc ades Pipkin.

Pip. Adſum.

Ami. Quot Caſus ſunt, how many Caſes are there?

Pip. Mary a great many.

Ami. Well anſwered, a great many, there are ſixe, Sixe, a great many, tis well anſwered, And which be they?

Pip. A Bow caſe, a Cap caſe, a Combe caſe, a Lute caſe, a Fidle caſe, and a candle caſe.

Iuſt. I know them, all againe well anſwered: Pray God my yongeſt boy profit no worſe.

Ami. How many parſons are there?

Pip. Ile tell you as many as I know, if youle giue me leaue to reckon them.

Anſelme. I prethee do.

Pip. The Parſon of Fanchurch, the Parſon of Pancridge, and the Parſon of

Youn. Ar. Well ſir, about your buſines, now will I Temper the Cup my lothed wife ſhall drinke. *Exit.*

Old Ar. Daughter me thinkes you are exceeding ſad.

Old Lu. Faith daughter ſo thou art exceeding ſad:

Miſ. Ar. Tis but my countenance, for my heart is mery, Miſtres, were you as mery as you are welcome, You ſhould not ſit ſo ſadly as you doe.

Ma. Tis but becauſe I am ſeated in your place, Which is frequented ſeldom with true mirth.

Mi. Ar. The fault is neither in the place nor me.

Ami. How ſay you Lady to him you laſt did lie by? All is no more, *Prebibo tibi.*

Ma. I thanke you sir, mistres this draught shall be
To him that loues both you and me.
Mis. Ar. I know your meaning.
Anſ. Now to me?
If you haue either loue or charity.
Miſ. Ar. Heare M. *Iuſtice*, this to your graue eares,
A mournfull draught God wot, halfe wine, halfe teares.
Iuſt. Let come my wench, here yongsters to you all,
You are silent, heere's that will make you talke,
Wenches me thinkes you sit like Puritans.
Neuer a ieſt abroad to make them laugh?
Fnl. Sir, since you mooue speech of a Puritan,
If you will giue me audience, I will tell yee
As good a ieſt as euer ye did heare.
Old Ar. A ieſt, that is excellent.
Inſt. Before hand let's prepare our selues to langh,
A ieſt is nothing if it be not grac'd:
Now, now I pray you, when begins this ieſt?
Ful. I came vnto a Puritan to woo her,
And roughly did salute her with a kisse,
Away quoth she, and rudely pusht me fro her,
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this,
And still with amorous tales she was saluted,
My artles speech with scripture was confuted.
Old Ar. Good, good indeed, the best that ere I heard,
Old Ar. I promise you it was exceeding good.
Ful. Oft I frequented her abroad by night,
And courted her, and spake her wondrous faire,
But euer somewhat did offend her sight,
Either my double ruffe, or my long haire,
My skarfe was vaine, my garments hung too low,
My spanish shoo was cut too broad at toe.
All Ha, ha, the best that euer I heard.
Ful. I parted for that time, and came againe

Seeming

Seeming to be conformde in looke and ſpeech,
My ſhoes were ſharpt to ed, and my band was plaine,
Cloſe to my thigh my metamorphoſde breech,
My cloake was narrow capde, my haire cut ſhorter,
Off went my ſcarffe, thus marched I to the Porter.
All Ha, ha, was euer heard the like?
Ful. The Porter ſpying me, did leade me in
Where his faire miſtres ſat reading on a chapter,
Peace to this houſe quoth I and thoſe within,
Which holy ſpeech with admiration wrapt her,
And euer as I ſpake, and came her nie,
Seeming diuine, turnd vp the white of eye.
Iuſt. So, ſo, what then, what then,
Old Lu. Forward, I pray forward ſir.
Ful. I ſpake diuinely, and I cald her ſiſter,
And by this meanes we were acquainted well:
But yea and nay, I will quoth I and kiſt her,
Se bluſht and ſayd, that long tongd men would tell,
I ſeemde to be as ſecret as the night.
And ſaid I would put out the light.
Old Ar. Inſooth he would, a paſſing, paſſing ieſt.
Ful. O doe not ſweare quoth ſhe, yet put it out
Becauſe I would not haue you breake your oath,
I felt a bed there as I groapt about,
In troth quoth I here will we reſt vs both.
Sweare you in troth quoth ſhe, had you not ſworne
I had not don't, but tooke it in ſoule ſcorne,
Then you will come quoth I, though I be loath,
Ile come quoth ſhe, be it but to keepe your oath.
Iuſt. T is very pretty, but now when's the ieaſt,
Old Ar. O forward to the ieſt in any caſe.
Old Lu. I would not for an angel looſe the ieſt.
Ful. Heres right the dunghill cocke that finds a pearle,
To talke of wit to theſe, is as a man

Should cast out iewels to a heard of swine,
why in the last words did consist the iest.
Old. Lu. I, in the last words? ha, ha, ha,
It was an excellent anmired iest
To them that vnderstood it.

Enter young Arthur with a cup of wine.

Iust. It was indeed, I must for fashions sake,
Say as they say, but otherwise O God;
Good M. *Arthur* thanks for our good cheare.
Yong Ar. Gentlemen welcome all, now heare me speake,
One speciall cause that mou'd me lead you hither,
Is for ancient grudge that hath long since
Continued twixt my modest wife and me,
The wrongs that *I* haue done her, I recant,
In either hand I hold a seuerall cup,
This in the right hand, wife I drinke to thee,
This in the left hand, pledge me in this draught,
Burying all former hatred, so haue to thee: *He drinkes.*
Mis. Ar. The welcom'st pledge that yet I euer tooke,
Were this wine poyson, or did tast like gall,
The honey sweet condition of your draught
Would make it drinke like Nectar: I will pledge you
Were it the last that I should euer drinke.
Yong. Ar. Make that account, thus Gentlemen you see
Our late discord brought to an vnity.
Ami. Ecce quam bonum & quam iucundum
Est habitare fratres in vnum:
Old Ar. My heart doth tast the sweetnes of your pledge,
And I am glad to see this sweete accord.
Old Lu. Glad quotha, there is not one amongst vs
But may be exceeding glad:
Iust. I am, I mary am I, that *I* am.
Yong Lu. The best accord that could betide their loues.
Anf. The worst accord that could betide my loue.

Ami.

All about to riſe.

Ami. What riſing Gentles? keepe your places,
Ile cloſe vp your ſtomackes with a grace,
O domine, & chare Pater.
That gueſt vs wine in ſtead of water,
And from the Pond and Riuer cleare,
Mak'ſt nappy ale, and good march Beere,
That ſend'ſt vs ſundry ſorts of meate,
And euery thing we drinke or eate,
To maides, to wiues, to boyes, to men,
Laus Deo ſanctæ amen.

Yong Ar. So much good doe ye all, and Gentlemen,
Accept your welcomes better then your cheere.

Old Lu. Nay, ſo we do, Ile giue you thankes for all.
Come M. *Iuſtice*, you doe walke our way,
And *M. Arthur*, and old *Hugh* your man,
Weele be the firſt will ſtraine curteſie.

Iuſt. God be with you all,

Exeunt Old Arthur, Luſam, and Iuſtice.

Ami. Proximus ego ſum, Ile be the next.
And man you home, how ſay you Lady?

Yong Ar. I pay you doe, good ſir *Aminidab*.

Mary. Sir, if it be not too much trouble to you,
Let my intreat that kindneſſe at your handes.

Aminadab. Intreat, fie, no, ſweete laſſe command:
Sic ſo nunc, now take the vpper hand.

He mans her away.

Yong Ar. Come wife, this meeting was all for our ſakes,
I long to ſee the force my poyſon takes.

Mi. Ar. My deare, deare husband, in exchange of hate,
My loue and heart ſhall on your ſeruice waite.

Exeunt Arthur and his wife.

An. So doth my loue on thee, but long no more,
To her rich loue, thy ſeruice is too poore,

Fal.

Ful. For shame no more, you had best expostulate
Your loue with euery stranger, leaue these sighes,
And change them to familiar conference.

Yong Ar. Trust me the vertues of yong *Arthurs* wife,
Her Constancy, modest humility,
Her patience, and admired temperance,
Haue made me loue all women-kind the better.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. O my mistres, my mistres, she's dead, she's gone,
she's dead, she's gone.

Anſ. Whats that he sayes?

Pip. Out of my way, stand backe I say, all ioy from earth is fled,
She is this day as could as clay, my mistris she is dead:
O Lord my mistris, my mistris. *Exit.*

Anſ. What, mistres *Arthur*, dead? my soule is vanisht,
And the worlds wonder from the world quight banisht?
O I am sicke, my paine growes worse and worse,
I am quight strucke through with this late discourse.

Ful. What, faints thou man? ile leade thee hence for shame,
Swone at the tidings of a womans death:
Intollerable, and beyond all thought,
Come my loues foole, giue me thy hand to leade,
This day one body and two hearts are dead. *Exeunt.*

Yong Lu. But how, she was as well as well could be,
And on the sodaine dead, ioy in excesse
Hath ouer-run her poore disturbed soule.
Ile after and see how master *Arthur* takes it,
His former hate far more suspitious makes it. *Exit.*

Enter Hugh, and after Pipkin.

Hu. My M. hath left his gloues behind where he sate in his chaire, and hath sent me to fetch them; it is such an old snudge, I see'le not loose the droping of his nose.

Pip. O mistris, O *Hugh*, O *Hugh*, O mistris, *Hugh*, I must

muſt needs beate thee, I am mad, I am lunatike, I muſt fall vpon thee, my miſtris is dead.

Hugh. O *M. Pipkin*, what doe you meane, what do you meane M. *Pipkin*?

Pip. O *Hugh*, O miſtis, O miſtris, O *Hugh*.

Hugh. O *Pipkin*, O God, O God, O *Pipkin*.

Pip. O *Hugh*, I am mad, beare with me, I cannot chuſe, O death, O miſtris, O death.

ugh. Death quo tha, he hath almoſt made me dead with beating.

Enter Reaſon, Old Arthur, and old Luſam.

Iuſt. I wonder why the knaue my man ſtayes thus, And comes not backe: ſee where the villaine loiters.

Enter Pipkin.

Bra. O M. *Iuſtice*, *M. Arthur*, M. *Luſam*, wonder not why I thus blow and bluſter, my miſtris is dead, dead is my miſtris, and therefore hang your ſelues, O my miſtris my miſtris.

Old Ar. My ſonnes wife dead?

Old Lu. my daughter?

Enter yong Arthur mourning.

Iuſt. Miſtris *Arthur*, here comes her husband.

Yong Ar. O here the woefulſt husband comes aliue, No husband now, the wight that did vphold That name of husband, is now quight o'rethrowne, And I am left a haples widower.

Old Ar. Faine would I ſpeake if griefe would ſuffer me.

Old Lu. As M. *Arthur* ſayes, ſo ſay I, If griefe would let me, I would weeping die, To be thus haples in my aged yeares. O I would ſpeake, but my words melt to teares.

Yong Ar. Go in, go in, and view the ſweeteſt coarſe That ere was laid vpon a mournfull roome, Yuo cannot ſpeake for weeping ſorrowes doome.

Bad newes are rife, good tiding ſeldome come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anſelme.

An. What franticke humor doth thus haunt my ſence,
Striuing to breed deſtruction in my ſpirit?
When I would ſleepe, the ghoſt of my ſweet loue
Appeares vnto me in an Angels ſhape:
When I am wake, my phantaſies preſents,
As in a glaſſe, the ſhadow of my loue:
When I would ſpeake, her name intrudes it ſelfe
Into the perfect ecchoes of my ſpeech:
And though my thought begot ſome other word,
Yet will my tongue ſpeake nothing but her name.
If I do meditate it is on her,
If dreame on her, or diſcourſe on her,
I thinke her ghoſt doth haunt me, as in times
Of former darkneſſe, old wiues tales report.

Enter Fuller.

Heere Comes my bitter Genius, whoſe aduice
Directs me ſtill in all my actions,
How now, from whence come you?

Ful. Faith from the ſtreet, in which, as I paſ'd by,
I met the modeſt miſtris *Arthurs* Coarſe,
And after her, as mourners, firſt her husband,
Next *Iuſtice Reaſon*, then old *M. Arthur*,
Old *M. Luſam*, and yong *Luſam* too,
With many other kinsfolke, neighbours, friendes,
And others, that lament her funerall:
Her body is by this, laid in the vaulte,

An. And in that vault my body I will lay,
I prethee leaue me, thither is my way.

Ful. I am ſure you ieſt, you meane not as you ſay,

An. No, no, I le but goe to the church and pray.

Ful. Nay, then we ſhall be troubled with your humor,

An. As euer thou didſt loue me, or as euer

Thou

Thou didst delight in my society,
But all the rights of friendship and of loue,
Let me entreat thy absence but one houre,
And at the houres end I will come to thee.

Ful. Nay, if you will be foolish, and past reason,
Ile wash my hands like *Pilate* from thy folly,
And suffer thee in these extremities. *Exit.*

Anſ. Now it is night, and the bright Lamps of heauen
Are halfe burnt out: now bright Adelbora,
Welcomes the chearefull day star to the East,
And harmeles stilnes hath possess'd the world.
This is the Church, this hollow is the vault,
where the dead body of my saint remaines,
And this the coffin that inshrines her body,
For her bright soule is now in Paradise,
My comming is with no intent of sinne,
Or to defile the body of the dead,
But rather take my last farewell of her,
Or languishing, and dying by her side,
My airy soule poste after hers to heauen,
First, with this lateſt kisse I seale my loue,
Her lips are warme, and I am much deceiud,
If that she stir not, O this Golgotha
This place of dead mens bones is terrible,
Presenting fearefull apparitions.

Mistres Arthur in the Tombe.

It is some spirit that in the coffin lies.
And makes my heart start vp on end with feare,
Come to thy selfe faint heart, she sits vpright,
O I would hide me, but I know not where,
Tush if it be a spirit, it is a good spirit,
For with her body liuing, ill she knew not,
And with her body dead, ill cannot meddle.

Mi. Ar. Who am I? or where am I?
An. O she speakes, and by her language now I know
shee liues.
Mi. Ar. O who can tell me where I am become.
For in this darkenesse I haue lost my selfe.
I am not dead, for I haue sence and life,
How come I then in this Coffin buried?
An. Anselme behold she liues, and Destiny
Hath trained thee hither to redeeme her life.
Mi. Ar. Liues any mongst these dead? none but my selfe
Ans. O yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,
Liues and suruiues at your returne to life:
Nay start not, I am Anselme, one who long
Hath doted on your faire perfection,
And louing you more then became me well,
Was hither sent by some strange prouidence,
To bring you from these hollow vaults below,
To be a liuer in the world againe.
Mi. Ar. I vnderstand you, I and thanke the heauens,
That sent you to reuiue me from this feare,
And I imbrace my safety with good will.

Enter Aminadab with two or three boyes.

Ami. Mane citus lectum fuge, mollem discute somnum,
Templa petas supplex & veneratum Deum. (pray
Shake off thy sleepe, get vp betimes, go to the Church and
And neuer feare, God will thee heare, and keepe thee all
Good counsell, boyes obserue it, marke it well. (the day.
This early rising this *diluculo*,
Is good both for your bodies and your mindes.
Tis not yet day, giue me my Tinder-box,
Meane time vnloose your satchels, and your bookes,
Draw, draw, and take you to your lessons boyes.
1. Boy. O Lord master whats that in the white sheete?
Ami. In the white sheete my boy, *Dic vbi*, where?

Boy. *vide* maiſter, *vide illic* there.

Ami. O *Domine*, *domine*, keepe vs from euill,
A charme from fleſh, the world and the diuell.

Exeunt running.

Mi. Ar. O tell me not my husband was ingrat,
Or that he did attempt to poyſon me,
Or that he laide me heare, and I was dead,
Theſe are no meanes to win my loue.

Anſ. Sweet miſtris bequeath you to the earth,
You promiſ'd him to be his wife till death,
And you haue kept your promiſe; but now ſince
The worlde, your husband, and your friends ſuppoſe
That you are dead, graunt me but one requeſt,
And I will ſweare neuer to ſollicite more
Your ſacred thoughts to my diſhoneſt loue.

Miſ. Ar. So your demand may be no preiudice
To my chaſt name, no wrong vnto my husband,
No ſuite that may concern my wedlock breach,
I yeeld vnto it, but to paſſe the bands of modeſty and cha-
Firſt will I bequeath my ſelfe ag aine (ſtity
Vnto this graue, and neuer part from hence,
Then taint my ſoule with black impurity.

vnſ. Take here my hand and faithfull heart to gage,
That I will neuer tempt you more to ſinne:
This my requeſt is, ſince your husband doates
Vpon a lewd laſciuous curtezan,
Since he hath broke the bandes of your chaſt bed,
And like a murderer ſent you to your graue:
Do but goe with me to my mothers houſe,
Ther ſhall you liue in ſecret for a ſpace,
Onely to ſee the end of ſuch lewd luſt,
And know the difference of a chaſt wiues bed,
And one whoſe life is in all looſeneſſe led.

Miſ. Ar. Your mother is a vertuous Matron held,

Her counſell, conference and company.
May much auaile me, there a ſpace ile ſtay,
Vpon condition as you ſaid before,
You neuer will moue your vnchaſt ſute more.
An. My faith is pawn'd, O never had chaſt wife,
A husband of ſo lewd and vnchaſt life. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mary, Brabo and Splay.

Bra. Miſtris I long haue ſerued you, euen ſince
Theſe briſled haires vpon my graue-like chin,
Were all vnborne, when firſt I came to you,
Theſe infant feathers of theſe rauen wings,
VVere not once begun.
Splay. No, indeed they were not.
Bra. Now in my two much adoes for a need,
VVanting a rope, I could well hang my ſelfe,
I prethee miſtris for all my long ſeruice,
For all the loue that I haue borne thee long,
Do me this fauour now to marry me.

Enter yong Arthur.

Ma. Marry come vp you block head, you great aſſe,
what, would'ſt thou haue me marry with a diuell?
But peace no more, here comes the ſeely foole
That we ſo long haue ſet our lime twigs for,
Be gone, and leaue me to intangle him.
Yong Ar. what miſtris *Mary*?
Ma. O good *M. Arthur*, where haue you beene this
weeke, this month, this yeare?
This yeare ſaid I, where haue you beene this age,
Vnto a louer, euery minute ſeemes time out of mind.
How ſhould I thinke you loue me
That can endure to ſtay ſo long from me?
Yong Ar. In faith ſweete heart I ſaw thee yeſter night,
Ma. I, true, you did, but ſince you ſaw me not,
At twelue a clocke you parted from my houſe,

And

And now tis morning, and new ſtrucken ſeauen.
Seauen howres thou ſtaidſt from me, why didſt thou ſo?
They are my ſeauen yeares prentiſhip of wo.
Yong Ar. I prethee be patient, I had ſome occaſion
That did inforce me from thee yeſternight.
Ma. I, you are ſoone inforc'd, foole that I am,
To dote on one that naught reſpecteth me,
Tis but my fortune, I am borne to beare it,
And euery one ſhall haue their deſtiny.
Yong Ar. Nay, weepe not wench, thou woundeſt me with thy teares.
Mary. I am a foole, and ſo you make me too,
Theſe teares were better kept, then ſpent in waſt
On one that neither tenders them nor me,
What remedy, but if I chance to die.
Or to miſcarry with that I goe withall,
Ile take my death that thou art cauſe thereof.
You told me, that when your wife was dead
You would forſake all others, and take me.
Yong. Ar. I told thee ſo, and I will keepe my word
And for that end I came thus earely to thee,
I haue procur'de a licence, and this night
We will be married in a lawleſſe Church.
Ma. Theſe newes reuiue me, and doe ſomewhat eaſe
The thought that was gotten to my heart.
But ſhall it be to night?
Yong Ar. I wench, to night,
A ſennet and od dayes ſince my wife died,
Is paſt already, and her timeles death,
Is but nine dayes talke, come goe with we,
And it ſhall be diſpatcht preſently.
Ma. Nay, then I ſee thou loueſt me, and I find,
By this laſt motion, thou art growne more kind.
Yong Ar. My loue and kindnes like my age ſhall grow,

And

And with the time increase, and thou shalt see,
The older I grow, the kinder I will be.
Mary. I, so I hope it will, but as for mine,
That with my age shall day by day decline,
Come shall we goe?
Yong. Ar. With thee to the worlds end,
Whose beauty most admire, and all commend.

Exeunt.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. Tis true, as I relate the circumstance,
And she is with my mother safe at home,
But yet for all the hate I can alleage
Against her husband, nor for the loue,
That on my owne part *I* can vrge her to,
Will she be wonne to gratifie my loue.
Ful. All things are full of ambiguity,
And I admire this wondrous accident,
But *Anselme Arthur's* about a new wife, a *bona roba*,
How will shee take it when she heares this newes?
Ans. I thinke euen as a vertuous matron should,
It may be that report may from thy mouth
Beget some pitty from her flinty heart,
And I will vrge her with it presently.
Ful. Vnlesse report be false, they are linkt already,
They are as fast as words can tie them: I will tell thee
How I by chance did meete him the last night,
And said to me, this *Arthur* did intend
To haue a wife, and presently to marry:
Amidst the street, *I* met him as my friend,
And to his loue a present he did carry,
It was some Ring, some stomacher or toy,
I spake to him and bad, God giue him ioy:
God giue me ioy quoth he, of what I pray:
Marry quoth *I*, your wedding that is toward,

Tis false quoth he, and would haue gone away,
Come, come, quoth I, so neare it, and so froward,
I vrgde him hard by our familiar loues,
Pray'd him withall, not to forget my gloues,
Then he began; your kindnesse hath beene great,
Your curtesie great, and your loue not common,
Yet so much fauour pray let me inrreat
To be excusde from knowing any woman,
I knew the wench that is become his bride,
And smilde to thinke how deepely he had lide.
For first he swore, he did not court a maide,
A wife he could not, she was elsewhere tide:
And as for such as widdowes were, he saide,
And deepely swore, none such should be his Bride,
Widdow, nor wife, nor maid, I askt no more,
Knowing he was betroth'd vnto a whore.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Ans. Is it not mistris *Mary* you meane,
She that did dine with vs at *Arthurs* house?

Ful. The same, the same, here comes the Gentlewoman,
Oh mistris *Arthur*, I am of your counsell,
Welcome from death to life.

Ans. Mistris, this Gentleman hath news to tell ye,
And as you like of it, so thinke of me.

Ful. Your husband hath already got a wife,
A huffing wench yfaith, whose ruffling silkes
Make with their motion, musicke vnto loue,
And you are quight forgotten.

Ans. I haue sworn to moue this vncliast demaund no more.

Ful. When doth your colour change?
when doth your eyes sparkle with fier to reuenge these wronges?
When doth your tongue breake into rage and wrath

Againſt that ſcum of manhood, your vile husband
He firſt miſuſde you.
Anſ. And yet can you loue him?
Ful. He left your chaſt bed to defile the bed
Of ſacred marriage with a Curtezan.
Anſ. Yet can you loue him?
Ful. And not content with this,
Abus'd your honeſt name with ſlaunderous wordes,
And fild your huſht houſe with vnquietnes,
Anſ. And can you loue him yet?
Ful. Nay, did he not with his rude fingers,
dash you on the face.
And double die your corrall lips with bloud,
Hath he not torne thoſe Gold wiars from your head
Wherewith *Apollo* would haue ſtrung his harpe,
And keepe them to play muſicke to the Gods?
Hath he not beat you and with his rude fiſts,
Vpon that crimſon temperature of your cheekes,
Laid a lead colour with his boiſterous blowes?
An. And can you loue him yet?
Ful. Then did he not
Either by poyſon, or ſome other plot
Send you to death, where by his prouidence,
God hath preſeru'd you by wondrous miracle?
Nay, after death, hath he not ſcandaliz'd,
Your place with an immodeſt curtezan.
An. And can you loue him yet?
Miſ. Ar. And yet, and yet, and ſtill, and euer whilſt
I breath this ayre:
Nay, after death my vnſubſtantiall ſoule
Like a good angell ſhall attend on him,
And keepe him from all harme.
But is he married? much good doe his heart,
Pray God ſhe may content him better farre,

Than

Than I haue done: long may they liue in peace,
Till I diſturbe their ſolace; but becauſe
I feare ſome miſchiefe doth hang o're his head,
Ile weepe mine eyes drie, with my preſent care,
And for their healths make hoarſe my tongue with praier
Exit.

Ful. Art ſure ſhe is a woman? if ſhe be
She is create of Natures purity.
Anſ. O yes, I too well know ſhe is a woman,
Henceforth my vertue ſhall my loue withſtand,
And on my ſtriuing thoughts get the vpper hand.
Ful. Then thus reſolu'd, I ſtraight will drinke to thee
A health thus deepe to drowne thy melancholy.
Exeunt.

Enter Mary, yong Arthur, Brabo, and Splay.

Mar. Not haue my will, yes I will haue my will,
Shall I not goe abroad, but when you pleaſe?
Can I not now and then meete with my friends,
But at my comming home you will controll me?
Marry come vp.
Yong. Ar. Where art thou patience?
Nay rather where's become my former ſpleene?
I had a wife would not haue vſde me ſo.
Ma. Why you lacke ſawce, you Cuckold, you what no,
What am not I of age ſufficient
To goe and come ſtill when my pleaſure ſerues,
But muſt I haue you ſir to queſtion me?
Not haue my will? yes I will haue my will.
Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vſe me ſo,
But ſhe is dead.
Bra. Not haue her will, ſir ſhe ſhall haue her will,
She ſayes ſhe will, and ſir I ſay ſhe ſhall:
Not haue her will, that were a ieſt indeed.
Who ſayes ſhe ſhall not, if I be diſpoſde,

To man her forth, who shall find fault with it?
Whats he that dares say blacks her eye?
Though you be married sir, yet you must know
That she was euer borne to haue her will.

Splay. Not haue her will, Gods passion, I say still,
A woman's no body that wants her will.

Yong Ar. Where is my spirit; what, shall *I* maintaine
A strumpet, with a *Brabo* and her bawde,
To beard me out of my authority?
what, am I from a maister made a slaue?

Ma. A slaue? nay worse, doest thou maintaine my man
And this maid? Tis I maintaine them both.
I am thy wife, I will not be dresst so
while thy gold lasts, but then most willingly
I will bequeath thee to flat beggary.
I doe already hate thee, do thy worst,
Nay touch me if thou dar'st, what shall he beate me?

Brabo. Ile make him seeke his fingers mongst the dogs,
That dares to touch my mistris: neuer feare,
My sword shall smooth the wrinkles of his browes,
That bend a frowne vpon my mistris.

Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vsd me so,
But God is iust.

Mary. Now *Arthur*, if I knew
what in this world would most torment thy soule,
That would I do: would all my euill vsage
Could make thee strait dispaire, and hang thy selfe.
Now I remember, where is *Arthurs* man
Pipkin, that slaue, god turne him out of doores,
None that loues *Arthur* shall haue house-roome heere.

Enter Pipkin.

Yonder he comes, *Brabo* discharge the fellow.

Yong Ar. Shall I be ouer-maistred in my owne?
Be thy selfe *Arthur*, strumpet he shall stay.

Mary

Ma. What ſhall he Brabo, ſhall he miſtris Splay?

Bra. Shall he? he ſhall not: breathes there any liuing
Dares ſay he ſhall, when Brabo ſayes he ſhall not?

Yong Ar. Is there any law for this? ſhe is my wife,
Should I complaine, I ſhould be rather mockt:
Iam content, keepe by thee whome thou liſt.
Diſchare whom thou thinkſt good, do what thou wilt,
Riſe, go to bed, ſtay at home, goe aboad
At thy good pleaſure, keepe all companies:
So that for all this, I may haue but peace.
Be vnto me as I was to my wife,
Onely giue me what I denied her then,
A little loue, and ſome ſmall quietneſſe,
If he diſpleaſe thee, turne him out of doores.

Pip. Who me? turne me out of doores? is this all the wages I ſhall haue at the yeares end, to be turned out of doores? you miſtris, you are a:

Splay. A what? ſpeake a what? touch her, and touch me, taint her, and taint me, ſpeake, ſpeake, a what?

Pip. Marry a woman that is kin to the froſt..

Splay. How do you meane that?

Pip. And you are kin to the Lattin word, to vnderſtand

Splay. And whats that?

Pip. Subaudi, Subaudi: and ſir, doe you not vſe to pinke (dublets?

Splay. And why?

Pip. I tooke you for a cutter, you are of a great kinred; you are a common couzener, euery body calles you couſen: beſides, they ſay you are a very good warrener, you haue bin an old Cony-catcher: but if I be turned a-begging, as I know not what I am borne too, and that you euer come to the ſaid trade; as nothing is vnpoſſible, Ile ſet all the common-wealth of beggers on your back, & all the congregation of vermin ſhall be put to your keeping, and then if you bee not more bitten then all the

company of beggers beſides, Ile not haue my will: zownes turn'd out of doores, Ile goe and ſet vp my trade, a diſh to drinke in, that I haue within, a wallet, and that Ile make of an old ſhirt, then my ſpeech, for the Lords ſake, I beſeech your worſhip ſir, then I muſt haue a lame legge, Ile goe to the foote-ball, and breake my ſhinnes, and I am prouided for that.

Bra. What ſtands the villaine prating, hence you ſlaue,

Exit Pipkin.

Yong Ar. Art thou yet pleaſde?

Ma. When I haue had my humor.

Yong Ar. Good friends for manners ſake a while with-(draw.

Bra. It is our pleaſure ſir to ſtand aſide.

Yong Ar. *Mary*, what cauſe hadſt thou to vſe me thus,
From nothing I haue raiſde thee to much wealth,
T'was more then I did owe thee, many a pound,
Nay many a hundred pounds I ſpent on thee
In my wiues time: and once but by my meanes,
Thou hadſt beene in much danger: but in all things
My purſe and credite euer bare thee out.
I did not owe thee this, I had a wife
That would haue laid her ſelfe beneath my feet
To doe me ſeruice, her I ſet at nought
For the entire affection I bare thee.
To ſhew that I haue lou'de thee, haue I not,
Aboue all women made chiefe choice of thee?
An argument ſufficient of my loue,
What reaſon then haſt thou to wrong me thus?

Ma. It is my humor.

Yo. Ar. O but ſuch humors honeſt wiues ſhould purge,
Ile ſhew thee a farre greater inſtance yet,
Of the true loue that I haue borne to thee,
Thou knewſt my other wife, was ſhe not faire?

Ma. So, ſo.

Yong

Yong. Ar. But more than faire, was she not vertuous,
Indued with the beauty of the mind?

Ma. Faith, so they said.

Yong Ar. Harke in thine eare, Ile trust thee with my life,
Then which what greater instance of my loue:
Thou knowst full well how sodainely she died,
To enioy thy loue, euen then I poysoned her.

Ma. How poysoned her? accursed murtherer,
Ile ring this fatall larum in all eares,
Than which, what greater instance of my hate.

Youg Ar. Wilt thou not keepe my counsell? (her.

Ma. Villaine no: thou'lt poison mee as thou hast poysond

Yong Ar. Dost thou reward me thus for all my loue?
Then *Arthur* fly, and seeke to saue thy life,
O difference twixt a chast, and vnchast wife. *Exit.*

An. Pursue the murtherer, apprehend him straight.

Bra. Why, whats the matter Mistris.

Ma. This villaine *Arthur*, poisoned his first wife,
Which he in secret hath confest to me:
Goe and fetch warrants from the Iustices
To attach the murtherer, he once hang'd and dead,
His wealth is mine: pursue the slaue thats fled.

Bra. Mistris, I will he shall not passe this land,
But I will bring him bound with this strong hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mi. Ar. O what are the vaine pleasures of the world,
That in their actions we affect them so;
Had I beene borne a seruant, my low life
Had steddie stood from all these miseries.
The wauing reedes stand free from euery gust,
When the tall Oakes are rent vp by the roots.
What is vaine beauty, but an idle breath?
Why are wee proud of that which so soone changes?

But

But rather wish the beauty of the mind
Which neither Time can alter, sickneſſe change,
Violence deface, nor the blacke hand of enuy
Smudge and disgrace, or spoile, or make deform'd,
O had my riotous husband borne this mind,
He had bin happy, I had bin more blest,
And peace had brought our quiet soules to rest.

Enter yong Arthur poorely.

Yong Ar. O whither shall I flie to saue my life.
When murther and dispaire dogs at my heeles,
O misery, thou neuer foundest a friend,
All friends forsake men in aduersity,
My brother hath denide to succour me,
Vpbraiding me with name of murtherer,
My vnkles double bar their dores against me,
My father hath denide to shelter me,
And curst me worse then *Adam* did vile *Eue*,
I that within these two dayes had more friends,
Then I could number with Arithmetike,
Haue now no more then one poore cipher is,
And that poore cypher I supply my selfe,
All that I durst commit my fortunes to,
I haue tried, and found none to relieue my wants,
My sodaine flight, and feare of further shame,
Left me vnfurnisht of all necessaries,
And these three dayes I haue not tasted food.

Mi. Ar. It is my husband, O how iust is heauen,
Poorely disguised, and almost hunger starude,
How comes this change?

Yong Ar. Doth no man follow me,
O How suspitious guilty murder is,
I starue for hunger, and I die for thirst,
Had I a kingdome, I would sell my crowne
For a small bit of bread: I shame to beg,

And yet perforce I must, or beg, or ſeruе,
This houſe belongs to ſome Gentlewoman,
And heer[illegible] woman, I will beg of her:
Good miſtres looke vpon a poore mans wants:
Whome doe I ſee? Tuſh *Arthur*, ſhe is dead,
But that I ſaw her dead and buried,
I would haue ſworne it had beene *Arthurs* wife;
But I will leaue her, ſhame forbids me beg,
On one ſo much reſembles her.

Mi. Ar. Come hither fellow, wherfore doſt thou turne
Thy guilty lookes and blushing face aſide?
It ſeemes thou haſt not beene brought vp to this.

Yong Ar. You ſay true Miſtris: then for charity,
And for her ſake whome you reſemble moſt,
Pitty my preſent want and miſery.

Mi. Ar. It ſeemes thou haſt beene in ſome better plight,
Sit downe I prethee, men though they be poore,
Should not be ſcorn'd, to eaſe thy hunger, firſt,
Eate theſe conſarues, and now I prethee tell me
What thou haſt beene, thy fortunes, thy eſtate,
And what ſhe was that I reſemble moſt.

Yong Ar. Firſt looke that no man ſee or ouer heare vs,
I thinke that ſhape was borne to do me good.

Mi. Ar. Haſt thou knowne one that did reſemble me,

Yong Ar. Miſtres, I cannot chuſe but weepe,
To call to mind the fortunes of her youth.

Mi. Ar. Of what eſtate or birth was ſhe?

Yong. Ar. Borne of good parents, and aſwell brought vp,
Moſt faire, but not ſo faire as vertuous,
Happy in all things but her mariage,
Her riotous husband, which I weepe to thinke,
By his lewd life made them both miſcarry.

Mi. Ar. VVhy doeſt thou grieue at their aduerſities?

Yong Ar. O blame me not, that man my kinsman was,
Nearer to me a kinsman could not be:
As neare alied was that chast woman too
Nearer was neuer husband to his wife:
He whom I tearm'd my friend, no friend of mine,
Proouing both mine and his owne enemie,
Poysoned his wife, O the time he did so,
Ioyed at her death, inhumane slaue to doe so,
Exchang'd her loue for a base strumpets lust,
Foule wretch, accurled villaine, to exchange so.

Mi. Ar. You are wise, and blest, and happy to repent so,
But what became of him and his new wife?

Yong Ar. O heare the iustice of the highest heauen,
This strumpet in reward of all his loue,
Pursues him for the death of his first wife,
And now the wofull husband languisheth,
Flies vp on pursu'd by her fierce hate,
And now too late he doth repent his sinne,
Ready to perish in his owne dispaire,
Hauing no meanes but death to rid his care.

Mi. Ar. I can endure no more but I must weepe,
My blabbing teares cannot my counsell keepe.

Yo. Ar. why weepe you Mistris, if you had the hart
Of her whom you resemble in your face:
But she is dead and for her death,
The spunge of either eie,
Shall weepe red teares till euery veine is dry.

Mis. Ar. Why weepe you friend, your rainy drops keepe,
Repentance wipes away the drops of sin.
Yet tell me friend, he did exceeding ill,
A wife that lou'd and honourd him, to kill,
Yet say one like her, far more chast than faire,
Bids him be of good comfort, not dispaire.

Her

Her soules appeal'd with her repentant teares,
Wishing he may suruiue her many yeares,
Faine would I giue him money to supply
His present wants, but fearing he should fly,
And getting ouer to some forren shore,
These rainy eyes should neuer see him more.
My heart is full, I can no longer stay,
But what I am my loue must needs bewray.
Fare well good fellow, and take this to spend,
Say one like her commends her to your friend. *Exit.*

Yong Arr. No friend of mine, I was my owne soules foe
To murther my chast wife that loued me so.
In life she loued me dearer than her life,
What husband here but would wish such a wife.
I heare the Officers with hu and cry,
She sau'd my life but now, and now I die.
And welcome death, I will not stir from hence,
Death I deserued, Ile die for this offence.

Enter Brabo with Officers, Splay and Hugh.

Bra. Heere is the murtherer, and *Reasons* man,
You haue the warrant: Sirs, lay hands on him,
Attach the slaue and lead him bound to death.

Hugh. No by my faith M. *Brabo*, you haue the better heart, at least you should haue, I am sure you haue more yron and steele than I haue, doe you lay hands vpon him, I promise you I dare not.

Bra. Constables forward, forward Officers,
I will not thrust my finger in the fire,
Lay hands on him I say step you backe?
I meane to be the hindmost, least that any
Should runne away, and leaue the rest in perill:
Stand forward, are you not ashamde to feare?

Yong Ar. Nay neuer striue, behold I yeeld my selfe,
I must commend your resolution.
That being so many and so weapon'd,
Dare not aduenture on a man vnarmde.
Now lead me to what prison you thinke best:
Yet vse me well I am a Gentleman.

Hugh. Truely M. *Arthur*, wee will vse you as well as heart can thinke: the Iustices sit to day, and my mistris is chiefe, you shall command me.

Bra. What hath he yeelded? if he had withstood vs
This Curtelax of mine had cleft his head,
Resist he durst not when once he spied me,
Come lead him hence, how like'st thou this sweet witch?
This fellowes death will make our mistres rich.

Splay. I say I care not who's dead or aliue,
So by their liues or death wee two may thriue.

Hugh Come, beare him away.

Enter Iustice Reason, Old Arthur, old Lusam.

Iust. Old M. *Arthur*, and M. *Lusam*, so is it that I haue heard both your complaints, but vnderstood neither, for you know, *Legere, & non intelligere, neglegere est.*

Old Ar. I come for fauour, as a father should,
Pittying the fall and ruine of his sonne.

Old Lus. I come for iustice as a father should,
That hath by violent murder lost his daughter.

Iust. You come for fauour, and you come for iustice,
Iustice with fauour is not partiall,
And vsing that I hope to please you both.

Old Ar. Good *M.* Iustice thinke vpon my sonne,

Old Lu. Good *M.* Iustice thinke vpon my daughter.

Iust. Why so I doe, I thinke vpon them both,
But can doe neither of your good,

For

For he that liues must die, and she thats dead
Cannot be reuiued.

Old Ar. *Lusam*, thou seekst to rob mee of my sonne, my onely Sonne.

Old Lus. He robd me of my daughter, my only daughter.

Iust. And robbers are flat fellons by the Law.

Old Ar. *Lusam*, I say thou art a bloud-sucker,
A Tyrant, a remorcelesse Canyball:
Old as I am jle proue it on thy bones.

Old Lu. Am I a bloud-sucker or Canibal?
Am I a Tyrant that doe thirst for blood?

Old Ar. I, if thou seekst the ruine of my sonne,
Thou art a tyrant and a bloud-sucker.

Old Lu. *I*, if *I* seeke the ruine of my son, *I* am indeed.

Old Ar. Nay more, thou art a dotard:
And in the right of my accursed sonne,
I challenge thee the field, meet me *I* say
To morrow morning besides *Islington*,
And bring thy sword and buckler if thou dar'st.

Old Lu. Meet thee with my sword and buckler.
There's my gloue.
*I*le meet thee to reuenge my daughters death
Cal'st thou me dotard? Though these threescore yeares
I neuer handled weapon but a knife
To cut my meat, yet will *I* meet thee there.
Gods precious call me dotard?

Old Ar. *I* haue cause,
*I*ust cause to call thee dotard, haue *I* not?

Old Lu. Nay thats another matter, haue you cause?
Then God forbid that *I* should take exceptions,
To be cald dotard of one that hath cause.

Iust. My maisters, you must leaue this quarrelling, for quarrellers are neuer at peace, and men of peace, while

they are at quiet, are neuer quarrelling: so you while you fall into brawles, you cannot choose but iarre. Here comes your Son accused, and your wife the accuser: stand forth both, *Hugh* be ready with your pen and inke to take their examinations and confessions.

Enter Mary, Splay, Brabe, yong Arthur, Hugh and Officers.

Yong. Ar. It shall not need, I doe confesse the deed,
Of which this woman here accuseth me:
I poysoned my first wife, and for that deed,
I yeeld me to the mercy of the Law.

Old Lu. Villaine, thou meanest my onely daughter,
And in her death depriu'dst me of all ioyes.

Yong Ar. I meane her, I doe confesse the deed,
And though my body taste the force of law,
Like an offender, on my knee I beg,
Your angry soule will pardon me her death.

Old Lu. Nay, if he kneeling doe confesse the deed,
No reason but I should forgiue her death.

Iust. But so the law must not be satisfide,
Bloud must haue bloud, and men must haue death,
I thinke that cannot be dispenced withall.

Mar. If all the world would forgiue the deed,
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law.

Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vsde me so,
The wealth of *Europe* could not hire her tongue,
To be offensiue to my patient eares,
But in exchanging her, I did preferre
A Diuell before a Saint, night before a day,
Hell before Heauen, and drosse before tried Gold,
Neuer was bargaine with such damage sold.

Bra. If you want witnes to confirme the deed

I heard him speake it, and that to his face,
Before this presence I will iustifie,
I will not part hence till I see him swing.

Splay. I heard him too, pity but he should die,
And like a murtherer be sent to hell,
To poyson her, and make her belly swell.

Ma. Why stay you then, giue iudgement on the slaue,
Whose shameles life deserues a shamefull graue.

Yong Ar. Deaths bitter pangs are not so full of griefe,
As this vnkindnes: euery word thou speak'st,
Is a sharpe dagger thrust quite through my heart,
As little I deserue this at thy hands,
As my kind patient wife deserude of me,
I was her torment, God hath made thee mine,
Then wherefore at iust plagues should I repine?

Iust. Where didst thou buy this poyson? for such drugs
Are felony for any man to sell.

Yong Ar. I had the poyson of *Aminadab*,
But innocent man he was not accessary
To my wifes death, I cleare him of the deed.

Iust. No matter fetch him, fetch him, bring him
To answere to this matter at the barre,
Hugh, take these Officers and apprehend him.

Bra. Ile ride him too, the schoolemaister I see,
Perhaps may hang with him for company.

Enter Anselme, and Fuller.

Ans. This is the day of *Arthurs* examination,
And tr iall for the murder of his wife,
Lets heare how Iustice *Reason* will proceed
In censuring of his strict punishment.

Ful. *Anselme* content, lets thrust in among the throng.

Enter Aminidab brought in with Officers.

Amin. *O Domine*, what meane these knaues

To

To lead me thus with billes and glaues?
O what example would it be,
To all my pupils for to see,
To tread their steps all after me:
If for some fault I hanged be,
Somewhat sure shall marre,
If you bring me to the barre,
But peace, betake thee to thy wits,
For yonder Iustice Reason sits.

Iust. Sir Dad, sir Dad, heere's one accuseth you
To giue him poyson being ill imployed,
Speake, how in this case you can cleare your selfe.

Ami. Heimihi, What should I say, the poyson giuen I denay, he tooke it perforce from my hands, and *Domine* why not? I.
Got it of a Gentleman, he most freely gaue it,
Aske, he knew me, a meanes was onely to haue it.

Yong Ar. 'Tis true, I tooke it from this man perforce,
And snacht it from his hand by rude constraint,
Which proues him in this act not culpable.

Iust. I, but who sold the poyson vnto him?
That must be likewise knowne, speake Schoolemaister.

Ami. A man *verbosus*, that was a fine *generosus*,
He was a great guller, his name I take to be *Fuller*,
See where he stands that vnto my hands conueyed a powder.
And like a knaue sent her to her graue, obscurely to shrowde her.

Iust. Lay hands on him, are you a poyson seller?
Bring him before vs, sirra, what say you,
Sold you a poyson to this honest man?

Ful. I sold no poyson, but I gaue him one
to kill his rats.

Iust.

Iuſt. Ha, ha, I ſmell a rat,
You ſold him poyſon then to kill his rats?
The word to kill argues a murdrous mind,
And you are brought in compaſſe of the murder,
So ſet him by, we will not heare him ſpeake,
That *Arthur*, *Fuller*, and the Schoolemaiſter,
Shall by the Iudges be examined.
Anſ. Sir, if my friend may not ſpeake for himſelfe,
Yet let me his proceedings iuſtifie.
Iuſt. Whats he that will a murtherer iuſtifie?
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him I ſay,
For iuſtifiers are all acceſſaries,
And acceſſaries haue deſeru'd to die.
Away with him, we will not heare him ſpeake,
They all ſhall to the high Commiſſioners.

Enter Miſtris Arthur.

Mi. Ar. Nay, ſtay them, ſtay them yet a little while,
I bring a warrant to the contrary,
And I will pleaſe all parties preſently.
Yong Ar. I thinke my wiues ghoſt haunts me to the death,
Wretch that I was, to ſhorten her liues breath.
Old Ar. Whom doe I ſee; my ſonnes wife?
Old Lu. What my daughter?
Iuſt. Is it not Miſtris *Arthur* that we ſee,
That long ſince buried we ſuppoſ'd to be?
Mi. Ar. This man is condemn'd for poyſoning of his wife,
His poyſoned wife yet liues, and I am ſhe;
And iuſtly therefore I releaſe his bands:
This man for ſuffering him theſe drugs to take,
Is likewiſe bound, releaſe him for my ſake:
This Gentleman that firſt the poyſon gaue,
And this his friend, to be releaſde I craue.

Murder there cannot be, where none is kild,
Her bloud is sau'd whom you supposde was spild.
Father in law, I giue you heere your sonne,
The acts to do, which you supposde was done.
And father, now ioy in your daughters life,
Whom heauen hath still kept to be *Arthurs* wife.
Old Ar. O welcome, welcome daughter, now I see,
God by his power hath preserued thee.
Old Lu. And tis my wench, whom I suppos'd was dead,
My ioy reuiues, and my sad woe is fled.
Yong Ar. I know not what I am, nor where I am,
My soules transported to an extasie,
For hope and ioy confound my memory.
Ma. What doe I see liues *Arthurs* wife againe?
Nay, then I labour for his death in vaine.
Bra. What secret force did in nature lurke,
That in her soule the poyson would not worke.
Splay. How can it be the poyson tooke no force,
She liues with that which would haue kild a horse.
Mi. Ar. Nay shun me not, be not ashamde at all
To heauen not me, for grace and pardon call.
Looke on me *Arthur*, blush not at my wrongs.
Yong. Ar. Still feare & hope my griefe & woe prolongs.
But tell me by what power thou didst suruiue?
With my owne hands I temper'd that vilde draught,
That sent thee breathles to thy Grandsires graue,
If that were poyson I receiude of him.
Amin. That *ego nescio*, but this dram,
Receiued I of this Gentleman,
The colour was to kill my rats,
But t'was my owne life to dispatch.
Ful. It is euen so, then this ambiguous doubt,
No man can better then my selfe decide,

That

That compound powder was of Poppie made & Man-
Of purpoſe to caſt one into a ſleepe, (drakes
To eaſe the deadly paine of him whoſe leg (maiſter.
Should be ſawd off, that powder gaue I to the Schoole-
Ami. And that ſame powder, euen that *idem*
You tooke from me the ſame *per fidem*.
Yong Ar. And that ſame powder, I commixt with wine,
Our godly knot of wedlocke to vntwine.
Old Ar. But daughter, who did take thee from the graue?
Old Lu. Diſcourſe it daughter.
Anſ. Nay that labour ſaue:
Pardon M. *Arthur*, I will now
Confeſſe the former frailty of my loue,
Your modeſt wife with words I tempted oft,
But neither ill I could report of you,
Nor any good I could forge for my ſelfe,
Would winne her to attend to my requeſt,
Nay, after death I loude her, inſomuch
That to the vault where ſhe was buried,
My conſtant loue did lead me to the darke,
There ready to haue tane my laſt farewell,
The parting kiſſe I gaue her, I felt warme,
Briefly, I bare her to my mothers houſe,
Where ſhe hath ſince liu'd the moſt chaſt and true,
That ſince the worlds creation eye did veiw.
Yong Ar. My firſt wife ſtand you here, my ſecond there,
And in the midſt my ſelfe: He that will chuſe
A good wife from a bad, come learne of me
That haue tried both, in wealth and miſery.
A good wife will be carefull of her fame.
Her husbands credite, and her owne good name,
And ſuch art thou, A bad wife will reſpect
Her pride, her luſt, and her good name neglect,

And ſuch art thou. A good wife will be ſtill
Induſtrious, apt to doe her husbands will.
But a bad wife, croſſe, ſpightfull, and madding
Neuer keepe home, but alwaies be gadding,
And ſuch art thou,. A good wife will conceale,
Her husbands dangers, and nothing reueale,
That may procure him harme, and ſuch art thou.
But a bad wife corrupts chaſt wedlocks vow,
On this hand vertue, and on this hand ſin,
This who ſtriue to looſe, or this to win?
Here liues perpetuall ioy, here burning woe.
Now husbands chooſe on which hand you will goe.
Seeke vertuous wiues, all husbands wil be bleſt,
Faire wiues are good, but vertuous wiues are beſt:
They that my fortunes will peruſe, ſhall find,
No beautie's like the beauty of the mind.

FINIS.

Apl p 2
portulep 4
wambled 6
Projedy